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Notes and Comments 1569
The Fall of Plevna.—The Next Step 1571
The Impolicy of Mediation..... 1573
Entr'acte Politique in France 1574
Germany and France 1575
Irrigation in India 1577
The *Inflexible*..... 1578

Criminal Appeal 1579
The Novel-making Trade 1580

The Beguiling of Merlin..... 1581

Green Pastures and Piccadilly, by William Black.—Chapter L. 1582

Mr. Green's English History 1584
An Anglo-Indian Autobiography 1585
Darwin on Flowers 1586
Young Musgrave 1587
Christmas Books 1588
The Magazines 1590

Art 1591
Music 1592
Drama 1593

Variorum Notes 1593

New Books and New Editions .. 1595

If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolves to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiassed truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless.—De Foe.

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The repudiation of M. Dufaure's efforts to form a Ministry by the Left Committee of 18 was not, as has been supposed here in some quarters, a matter of form, intended to save appearances. The article which we print further on from a French contributor shows the view taken of the present situation by the Left. They regard the concession of a Left Centre Ministry as a mere device to gain time, and as offering no security, but, on the contrary, reserving an opportunity for a repetition of May 16, and the utmost concession they will make in return is to vote the Budget from month to month. Mr. Karl Blind is probably right in his opinion, which will be found in another column, that the only chance for the Republicans is to gain over some part of the army. Among other ominous signs, we believe that couriers are passing every day between the Elysée and Camden House, Chiselhurst, an activity which can bode no good.

The telegram which reached the *Times* yesterday from its Prussian correspondent at Berlin, that "the Russians are expected to attempt crossing the Balkans in force, if the weather permits, after which they will be ready to open negotiations with Turkey," and that "in the event of the negotiations being successful, the result will be communicated to the Signatary Powers of the Paris Treaty as a change agreed upon between the two States most immediately concerned," was probably intended to influence yesterday's Cabinet Council. If this is the only intimation that our Government has received of the agreement arrived at between the Three Emperors, it cannot be said to err on the side of courtesy. But it must be remembered that the Cabinet owes this curtness and reserve to its own policy of isolation. Having previously declined to act in concert with the other Powers, we cannot complain if they follow their own course without taking us into their confidence. What would the Prince Consort have said to this? The concluding phrase of the telegram, "the two States most immediately concerned," belongs probably to the correspondent. If it comes from the Prussian *Chancellerie*, it seems to accept the Protocol signed by Lord Derby this spring as having practically put an end to the Treaty of Paris, one main object of which, from an English point of view, was to put on record that Russia and Turkey were not more immediately concerned in the question of the East than the other signatary Powers.

Although the Hungarian Delegation, after four hours' secret sitting on Tuesday, agreed that it was at present inexpedient to discuss the Eastern Question publicly, a very warm discussion seems to have broken out next day in Committee of the Austrian Delegation. From this discussion it is evident that the annexation of some part of Turkey by Austria forms part of the understanding now arrived at between the three Powers. Several German members protested vehemently against the introduction of any new Slav province into the Empire; and Count Andrassy, in reply, admitted by implication that such a step was contemplated. "There had been a good deal said both for and against annexation. Without being very old, he remembered that in former wars which were not so close the fear then existing always manifested itself in the question, 'Which province will Austria lose after this struggle?' He saw with satisfaction that this question had not been reverted to, and the only apprehension expressed was lest Austria for once should gain a province. The policy which had banished the former anxiety could not, he thought, be so very bad."

Count Thomas has been appointed ambassador for Portugal to the Vatican. It is said [illegible] intends to exercise its right of veto if necessary at the next conclave. This right is possessed by five Powers —Austria, Prussia, Spain, Portugal, and France. On what this right is based, nobody seems to know. Nor does it much matter, as it is not likely that any use will be made of it, and, if so, would not be acknowledged.

One of the most curious mysteries in the present crisis in France is how it happens that M. Emile de Girardin has not yet been sent to New Caledonia for his outrageous attacks on the President. A month ago the *France* brutally proposed to the Marshal to buy his abdication for 1,300,000 francs. Three days ago it insinuated that he was an idiot. In an article in Thursday's paper, entitled "Politique de Chartreuse," the puns are certainly the reverse of respectful. Some explain this long impunity by saying that M. Girardin has in his hands nearly 2,000,000 francs worth of bills issued by the Duc de Castries, the Marshal's father, and endorsed by himself. Others that he possesses the famous despatch to Bazaine, signed with the Marshal's own hand. There must be something curious in the reasons which give assurance to the editor of the *France* in his strange freedom of speech.

Lord Lytton has just taken the somewhat original step of issuing to all the tribes on the Peshawur frontier a proclamation explaining the origin and purpose of the military expedition, which he recently sent into the territories of the Afreedee marauders. But long before reaching the end of His Excellency's enumeration of the robberies, murders, burnings, triumphant fights, and general exploits necessitating the interference of two or three

thousand Anglo-Indian troops, the reader begins to fear lest the effect of the manifesto may rather be to enlist the sympathies of the said tribes on the side of their heroic fellow-barbarians. It is to be hoped, however, that the peaceful clans may appreciate the motives of his Lordship's forbearance towards the Afreedee people—especially as it must now be apparent to all of them that the Indian Government is at last in earnest. A score or two of the Afreedees have been killed, their fortified places have been blown up, and a portion of their territory is now actually British, and will continue to be so "until such time as the Jowakis shall tender their absolute submission." The qualification will perhaps disappoint certain fire-eating journals in London, who have been grandiloquently writing about "thunderclouds" and "gathering storms" "on our North-West frontier," and advocating annexation. The diminutive dimensions of the thundercloud may also disappoint the fire-eaters, who, it need hardly be said, are the same persons who have been trying to frighten the British public with the prospects of a Russo-Afghan alliance. A general combination of the tribes, in the event of prolonged impunity, might not only have been possible, but even probable. The Afreedees, however, are unsupported by any tribe on the frontier, and their own kinsmen have been acting as guides for the invading force. It is even said that the Akhoond of Swat, instead of blessing the Afreedees in their war against the infidels, has been roundly cursing them for their violence towards their own co-religionists. It is just as we anticipated. It is the old story of common jealousy and internal discord—the story of every war in those unsettled regions, from the time of Alexander the Great to that of General Kayes.

The hour is evidently approaching when the opposing sides in the most ludicrous trade dispute of the day will be seen marching off the field, each with flying colours. The master masons are claiming the victory, because, on the 10th instant, the number of men at work on the New Law Courts was within fifty of the total employed when the strike began, five months back. Since the 10th the deficit has been diminished by an importation from Stuttgart of eighty-four masons, only some of whom are to be employed at the Courts, the remainder being distributed among two or more firms belonging to the Masters' Association. These men are under a contract of six months, within which time they will have to repay the advances on account of their travelling expenses from Germany. So far the accusation that the masters, simply from motives of revenge, have been adopting a course which will cost them more than the concession of the extra penny per hour, falls to the ground. On the other hand, the Masons' Committee claims to have found work, at the tenpence rate, for 1,600 men out of the 2,200 originally on strike. Yet there are men coming in from the provincial towns, and offering to work here on the masters' terms. In any case, it is upon the workmen's unions that the pecuniary losses of the struggle will fall most heavily. Few will deny that the men's determination and *esprit de corps* are worthy of all praise; though, perhaps, some may regret that they have not been exercised in a more rational cause.

A correspondent writes to us from the North of England, that the Distress Committee organised in Darlington, under the presidency of the Mayor of the borough, is entirely a local organisation, intended to relieve distress in the town among the unemployed ironworkers and others, and not, as was reported, for the relief of the half-starving miners in Darlington and other districts in the North of England. He adds, as a fact to the credit of the Durham Miners' Association, that it has expended no less than 40,000*l.* to 45,000*l.* in supporting its members during the present critical times, thereby reducing the number of applicants for relief from the Poor Law Guardians, and saving the pockets of local ratepayers.

On the question of "strikes" as affecting the depression of trade, the same correspondent, Mr. J. G. Blumer, says:—"At a time like the present, when it is very much the fashion among a large class of the community to father all the responsibility of the present depression in trade on 'strikes and the working classes,' it seems only an act of common fairness to indicate the real facts of the case within the range of different experiences. The staple industries in the county of Durham, in South Northumberland, and in North-East Yorkshire, are the coal and iron trades in all their branches. Now, what are the facts as to strikes in these districts? The improvement in trade after the panic of 1866, which began to be marked in the year 1870, was followed by the excitement and abnormal prices of the years 1871, 1872, and 1873. During those years there were constant demands for advances in wages, and in the one or two temporary hitches those demands were arranged by the joint committees of masters and men connected with the various Associations of both Capital and Labour. Although there were cases of unreasonableness on the part of the men at some particular ironworks or colliery, it cannot be said that capitalists throughout the districts named were prevented by the action of their men from realising the full benefit of the high prices. Bigoted unbelievers in Trades Unions and Boards of Arbitration at that time sneered at these organisations, and at the same time said, 'but wait till wages have to be reduced.' Within the last two or three years the time for reduction has come again and again, and now the men employed in the staple industries are working at greatly reduced wages, and but partially employed, while some of them are not employed at all. And yet it can be said, without fear of denial, that capitalists have not, as a whole, suffered from strikes, while the Trades Union Associations are as strict as ever in discountenancing isolated cases of disputes which occur."

Next Easter, the first annual meeting of the Federation of Liberal Associations throughout England will be held at Leeds. It would appear to be the intention of the leaders of the Federation to imitate the peripatetic congresses so characteristic of the fag-end of the nineteenth century. They do not, however, intend to confine themselves to mere talk; and they have been making arrangements for the publication and distribution throughout the constituencies of pamphlets on all sorts of political topics, from Ecclesiastical Disestablishment to local government. Since the last general meeting at Birmingham, the Liberals at Bolton, Ryde, Reading, and Burnley have joined the Central Association. We may add that Greenwich has dissolved its old Liberal Association, in order to found another on the new Radical type.

Mr. Gathorne Hardy is too gushing an orator for Scotland. The effect of the most spirited passage of his speech on Wednesday was marred by an impertinent interruption. "Gentlemen," Mr. Hardy said, "the flag of England floats in every quarter of the globe, and floats supreme." This being received with cheers, Mr. Hardy became excited, as he so often does under similar influence in the House of Commons, and went on. "In Asia, in Africa, in America, in Australia, throughout the islands of the seas, the drum of England is heard at every hour of the day, every hour of the night." The drum not taking as well as the flag, Mr. Hardy returned to the flag once more. "The flag of England is seen floating in the breeze in every clime." Stimulated still further by the cheers which greeted this never-failing burst, Mr. Hardy let himself go with a will. "It was not by indolence, it was not by carelessness, it was not by apathy and a neglect of duty by England that that vast Empire has fallen to our lot—some of it, perhaps, by means which we in this day would not deem satisfactory, but, as it is ours, it is ours to see that it is well governed; it is ours to see that no man suffers injustice within it; it is ours to see that the rude hand of no spoiler touches

it; it is ours to see that no military monarch, however vast his resources, shall be allowed to tear asunder from us against their will any of those dependencies which have their reliance upon us. I believe that—though I am not going to claim for my country the perfection which no country has ever attained, or for her Government the perfection at which no Government can ever arrive—there is a spirit at this moment in the British Empire that each subject of it, whatever his colour, whatever his creed, shall receive equal justice from the Imperial Government. There shall be no injustice to men of different religions all through our Empire; there shall be, so far as England is concerned, an earnest desire that every man shall feel that he dwells under the English flag as secure as he was said to be in the old times under his vine and fig tree." Here some "wut," feeling that he had had enough of this, suggested the word "British" for "English;" and Mr. Hardy, after petulantly exclaiming against being compelled to say the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland every time he referred to these islands, explained that he "was treating of foreign affairs," and passed from the pure ether of fustian to the Eastern Question. It was well that he had the presence of mind to limit his statements about civil and religious equality to "foreign affairs," otherwise it might have been suspected that Mr. Hardy had caught the infection of Liberalism since he crossed the Tweed.

Mr. Commissioner Kerr has come off sadly second best in his dispute with the *Daily Telegraph*, his denial of the charges preferred against him in its columns being virtually an admission of their truth. The *Telegraph* stated that he had discharged on his own recognisances a young man who had pleaded guilty to a very aggravated burglary. Mr. Commissioner Kerr replies that the offender was "a mere lad" who had been led into crime by the cunning of an old and professional thief with whom he had unfortunately formed an acquaintance, and that the case, in his judgment, was one which called for leniency. It appears, however, as the *Telegraph* has sufficiently shown, that the "lad" in question was twenty-four years of age, that his antecedents were worse than doubtful, that he had made plans of his employer's house, and taken models of his keys, and that he had, amongst other things, stolen a cheque-book, and forged a cheque out of it. He was, in short, an accomplished and dangerous criminal, upon whom Mr. Commissioner Kerr's sympathies were sadly wasted. In the second case, the prosecutor complained that, after he had waited three entire days in Court to give evidence against a highwayman, who had stolen his watch, his case was suddenly called on on the fourth day, during his temporary absence, although the jury expressly begged that another case might be taken while he was being sent for. The man, of course, was acquitted, for want of evidence; and a most dangerous and determined villain, against whom there were several previous convictions, was let loose upon society. This, Mr. Commissioner Kerr does not attempt to deny, and the *Telegraph* accordingly asks whether he has not exercised the discretion, which he undoubtedly possessed in each case, in a very strange and indeed improper manner. To this question only one answer can be given. The judicial eccentricities of Mr. Commissioner Kerr, the extraordinary sentences which he passes, the extraordinary rulings in which he indulges, the extraordinary manner in which he treats counsel, and the extraordinary scenes that are perpetually taking place in his Court, have long been matter of painful notoriety. The only wonder is that public attention has not been called to them before.

Temple Bar is going at last. Two ladders laid against it on Wednesday morning, and a few pickaxes and coils of ropes in a corner, gave signs of approaching demolition, and the preparations were actively pursued by gaslight on Thursday night. The ancient gateway probably never looked to more advantage than under the flaming jets of gas, with an illuminated sea of faces beneath, staring at the executioners as they moved cautiously about among the poles and ropes getting ready the fatal scaffolding. It was a picturesque scene, and predisposed the onlookers to think kindly of the time-honoured obstruction. Temple Bar was completed in 1672, so that it dies at the good old age of 205. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.* We hope it will have a comfortable resurrection in some place where it can be seen without being in the way.

THE FALL OF PLEVNA.—THE NEXT STEP.

More than ten weeks ago we pointed out that Plevna would prove to be Osman Pasha's Sedan, if he did not evacuate it whilst the roads to Sophia and Widdin were still open. This view was much derided at the time, but the result only shows how little the quantity of data at hand, to form a judgment as to the course of the campaign, had been studied. Plevna has become Osman Pasha's Sedan, and he himself is a prisoner in the hands of the Russians, together with the whole of his army and artillery. But there the resemblance to Sedan ends. The generalship exhibited by Osman Pasha will not bear comparison for one moment with that of the French commanders. A great battle, a great defence, must be judged by the results and by the object laid down by the generals in command. Regarded from this point of view, Osman Pasha's obstinacy in holding Plevna was nothing more nor less than a stupendous error. He was right in holding it to the last practicable moment. That moment arrived with the arrival of the Guards, and the despatch of General Gourko's cavalry west of the Vid. A wiser man would have evacuated Plevna even before that, and would have taken up a fresh position—say at Vratza and Berkovtcha, or the line of the Isker generally—as soon as he saw that the enemy was resolved to obtain possession of Plevna and of the army defending it. He would have fallen gradually back upon Sophia, every step shortening his line of communications with that place, and forcing the Russians each time to commence their tedious work with the spade afresh. Three months is the outside period for which it would be possible to hold a rapidly fortified position previously unsupplied with food and ammunition, and two months would be an excellent result. Had Osman Pasha done this—had he evacuated Plevna, after having forced the Russians to carry out an extensive series of works to gain possession of an overgrown village—had he pursued the same line of tactics he played at Plevna further west at Vratza, he might still be at the head of his army, although Vratza too would have fallen by this time, and be prepared to fight another of the series of engagements the Russians have had to fight on this side of the Balkans far more costly than they now promise to be.

But instead of this, instead of waging a running battle *en masse*, Osman Pasha shut himself up in his hole, like a badger waiting to be dug out or starved out. Where the generalship in this conduct may be, we utterly fail to see. The most that can be said for him is that he has gained time. But time for what? The question, from a military point of view, where the Porte is concerned, is not worth consideration. Nor do we believe for one moment that any military consideration animated the Porte in ordering Osman Pasha to hold out to the last crust and the last cartridge. Nor do we believe that the Porte ever intended Plevna to close the war, and make its fall the sign for negotiations for peace with the object of concluding peace.

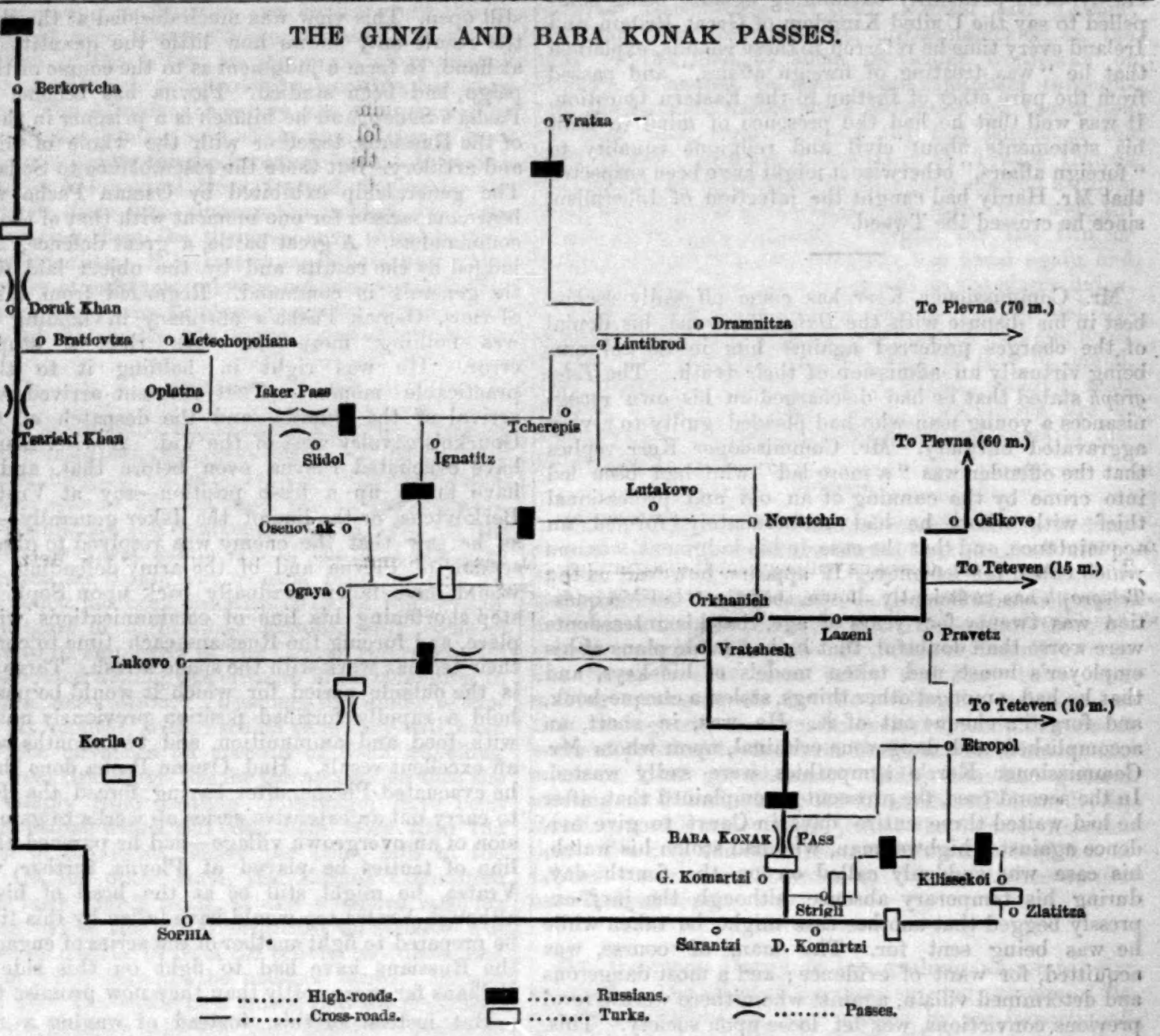
The reason for holding Plevna so long was a very different one. That negotiations for peace would be opened was no doubt the intention of the Porte. But those negotiations—whether in the shape of mediation or otherwise—would only be intended to be refused by the Russians, a refusal which, after the gallant defence that could be relied on, would alienate the sympathies

of Europe from Russia, and increase a hundredfold the sympathies for the Turks.

The Turks are far too astute and skilled diplomatists not to be able to read the signs of the times, and to see that matters in the East have attained a crisis of such intensity that its issue is a matter of life and death to them. They are also perfectly aware of the vested interests Europe holds in them, and are too assured of assistance at the last moment not to persevere in their defence until Constantinople is attacked, and the gauntlet thrown down which may set Europe in a blaze yet. They see that they are taken by Charybdis in Europe, and by Scylla in Asia. Their political position is turned on either flank. It is too late for them to abandon Europe and to retire into Asia. Slowly, but surely, the net is closing around them, and their only hope is that some friendly hand will cut it for them. They, less than any others, are ignorant of where the force of Russia lies. They know quite well that it was not in Germanised St. Petersburg that the present war arose, but in Moscow; and they also know perfectly well what the present temper of Moscow is, and pay no heed to the philosophical estimates of the sanguine and easily depressed temperament of the Russian. This estimate is just as erroneous as was the estimate of the Germans, according to which they were a nation of dreamy idealists, whereas they are the very personification of materialism. Hence the Turks are convinced that peace with Russia victorious means the annihilation of Turkey defeated; and they will not yield until all hope is vain, just as little as Russia will desist until she has gained all the objects which have rooted in her since the Crimean War.

However, Plevna will relapse into the insignificance whence it was elevated by the blunders of the Russians

THE GINZI AND BABA KONAK PASSES.



in attacking it too soon, and of Osman Pasha in defending it too long. We need say no more about it than that the result has been exactly what our readers were prepared for. What is now of interest is the next step that will be taken by the Russian commanders. Premising that Prince Gortschakoff will now take care that his diplomacy shall leave the Russian armies full liberty of action, there are only two courses that they can pursue. Before any negotiations can take place as a preliminary to peace, Rustzuk and Silistria at least—if, indeed, not Schumla also—must be given up to the Russians. That, from the Russian point of view, is a military *sine quâ non*, the justice of which every military man must acknowledge. It is even a question whether Widdin should not be yielded as well, but the distance of this fortress from the centre of operations may prevent its being insisted upon. This is one course which the Russian Commanders-in-Chief might adopt if diplomacy opened the door for them.

The question is, whether diplomacy will be able to accomplish this feat. It must at least be doubted. Yielding up these fortresses to the Russians means their being garrisoned by Russian troops. That being so, and supposing the negotiations were to proceed so far as to reach the question of a war indemnity, what guarantee could the Russians have for the payment of the large sum which will be demanded, if it be not the occupation of Bulgaria? There is clearly no other guarantee to be found in Europe, and it is improbable in the highest degree that Austria would consent to such a measure, especially as Widdin is regarded, in the best and highest military circles in Vienna, as the Constantinople of the Danube and forms the *noli me tangere* of the Empire.

Russia might, however, though it is doubtful, accept a guarantee in the occupation of Armenia from Erzingian and Trebizonde, eastwards. The question then is, in that case, whether Lord Beaconsfield might not in-

volve England by some action which would be the first step onwards on a course the nation would consider itself bound to follow however much it might disapprove of the step, and visit its anger upon the originator. These and many other similar considerations render the consent of the Porte to an occupation of the Bulgarian fortresses highly problematical, as the representatives of England and Austria will certainly do all they can to prevent it, and thus convince the Turks that they may rely on foreign assistance at the last moment.

Hence it is next to certain that the Russians will now advance across the Balkans. The plan they have laid down for this eventuality may be inferred by the same course of reasoning which enabled us to forecast the plan of the Bulgarian campaign. At the commencement of the war we pointed out that if the Russians intended only to humiliate Turkey, and enforce upon her the singularly inadequate stipulations of the Constantinople Conference, she would try to attain her object by a rapid succession of blows against the field forces of the Porte. But if, on the contrary, she should set deliberately at work at all the fortresses, and proceed to sweep Bulgaria clean of the Turks, it would signify her intention *d'en achever* once and for all.

As the latter has been the course up to the present moment, there is no reason to believe that it will not be followed now. With the exception of Widdin, with its garrison of, at the outside, 18,000 men from all sources, the whole of Bulgaria, west of the Lom, now lies at the mercy of the Russians. There is still the eyrie fortress of Belgradjik; but this place can have no more influence on the course of the war than Phalsbourg in 1870. Otherwise there is not a single point at which the Russians could be held at bay. These two places will now be masked, or attacked, probably the latter, whilst the rest of the troops, after perhaps a few thousand shall have been sent to reinforce the centre of the Cesarevitch's army, will proceed to carry out the same policy in Roumelia as that which, though tardily, has succeeded in Bulgaria.

That is to say, the Russians will begin at the beginning, and draw a net round the Turks, after the manner of skilful fishermen. The beginning will be made in that narrow district lying between Servia and Montenegro, which leads into the Bosnian and Herzegovinian *cul de sac*. This portion of the enemy's territory will be left by the Russians to cook in its own gravy, and to the care of the Servian and Montenegrin armies. The operations of the Russians will be directed now upon the line Nisch, Pirot, and Sophia. It is necessary that Nisch should be in the hands of the Russians, and their outposts pushed down southwards, along the line of the Morava, as far as Leskovatz, Vranya and Kumanovo, in order to protect their left wing from the attack of any force which might advance upon them from Salonica. We may therefore be prepared to hear that the forces at Plevna will be divided into three corps. One, under the command of the Grand Duke Nicholas, will form the left wing, having the Schibka Pass and Kezanlik for its objective. The second, under the command of General Imeritinski and Skobeleff, will form the centre, and be deployed against the Orkhanieh and Trojan Passes; whilst the third, remaining under the command of Prince Charles, will form the right wing, and operate against Widdin, by occupying the triangle formed by the roads connecting Belgradjik, Arzer Palanka, and Lom Palanka. Probably the Danube, if vessels can be found, will be utilised for the transport of his army and material, for the river will then be open from Rustzuk to close upon Widdin.

This disposition will set free the troops under Generals Gourko and Schuvaloff, and enable them to continue the *rôle* they have successfully played so long of forming the *éclaireurs en masse* for the onward advance of the bulk of the armies. They will proceed to seize the road leading from Belgradjik to Pirot and Nisch. In doing this, they will pass within a quarter of a mile of the Servian frontier. When this is the case—when Gourko himself is within gunshot of Servian territory, and the scouts of Prince Charles reach up to the Timok—it will be a most remarkable event if Servia does not join the Russians. Such behaviour would be not only most remarkable, but actually ominous, as it would indicate the existence of a powerful factor in keeping the Servians quiet that would bode ill for the continuance of the European peace. Having thus cleared the way, General Gourko's corps would become the right wing of the Russian advance, and, Nisch and Pirot in Russian hands, would fall upon Sophia, already taken on the east by the army of the centre. Then they would converge upon Adrianople.

In the meantime, the course of events east of the Lom would much depend upon the movements of Suleiman Pasha. If he remains in the Quadrilateral, the army of the Cesarevitch, if he is prudent, and is not led away by his desire to emulate the success of the Grand Duke, may safely continue the tactics hitherto observed, and still remain satisfied with masking the whole of the Quadrilateral. Should Suleiman, however, fall back upon Yamboli and Adrianople, the Cesarevitch, uniting with Zimmerman, would leave part of his forces with him to watch Rustzuk, Silistria, and Schumla, and follow on Suleiman Pasha's heels, in cooperation with the centre and right wings.

But it is not likely that Suleiman Pasha will fall back. The Turks will argue that, after all, Plevna was no stronghold; that their great fortresses are still intact; and that the defeat of Osman Pasha and his army is more than counterbalanced by the losses he has inflicted upon the Russians, and the successes he has gained at a practically smaller loss than if he had conducted operations in the open field. Consequently, the war in this part of the field will still retain its character of an isolated instance connected with the rest of the operations simply by its position as a barrier to protect the rest of the army, and allow it perfect freedom of action. Whatever happens here, therefore, must be considered apart from the rest of the operations. The position of the Quadrilateral, and the armies attacking and defending it, may be compared to the struggle for Metz. That was an incident apart, as soon as the offensive armies pushed forward. The position of the Turks is, however, in so far, more favourable than was that of the French, inasmuch as it is only Osman Pasha who has found his Sedan, and not the ruler of the country.

THE IMPOLICY OF MEDIATION.

The only clue that we have as to the action that the Government mean to take consequent on the fall of Plevna is furnished by Mr. Gathorne Hardy's speech at Edinburgh, and it is not a very definite one. Mr. Hardy is the only member of the Cabinet who has had occasion to speak in public since the news came, and, as he spoke without consultation with his colleagues, he was naturally guarded in what he said. He was on very safe ground when he denied what "some persons had said," that "there would be a peace separate from England." When Mr. Hardy asks us not to believe that this is possible, but to believe that "nothing like a useful peace connected with Eastern affairs can be made without a proper and due intervention of England," we may take this as an anticipative apology in the event of the Ministry's agreeing to do nothing at all in the present emergency. If this is the right interpretation, Mr. Hardy's assurances are so far satisfactory, and may be usefully compared with Count Andrassy's declaration, of which they are an echo, that "there is no Power in Europe who can undertake to settle the Eastern complication without Austro-Hungary having her say." This was Count Andrassy's apology to the Delegations for remaining quiet just at present, and Mr. Hardy's declaration may probably be taken in a similar sense. But, besides this, Mr. Hardy intimated that the present might be a good occasion for England's intervention in order "to bring this horrible war to a close." There has been some speculation as to what he

meant by the word "intervention," but the way in which he qualified it three separate times as having for its object to bring the war to a close, pointed to its being of a mediatory and not of a threatening character.

Whether the Cabinet did or did not decide at its meeting yesterday to make an offer of mediation we do not know. It is to be hoped not; for much as everyone would like to see the present war brought to a close, it is quite clear that no offer of mediation could possibly be accepted just at present that was not based upon the submission of the Porte. Of that there is no sign. After recent disasters, the Porte can have no hope of successful resistance, no hope except in the possibility of dissensions arising among the European Powers. But this hope is still strong enough to encourage it to hold out. As long as the Porte gives no indication of the concessions that it is prepared to make, it would be childish to ask the Russians to delay the progress of their campaign till we have ascertained what views are held at Constantinople. Intervention upon any other ground could only expose our diplomacy to a rebuff. If the Porte of its own accord sends in a conditional submission, and wishes to learn the terms of the conqueror, well and good; it will then be for us and other European Powers to say whether the terms are such as it is consistent with our interests to see imposed. But till that moment arrives the campaign must go on; it would be idle to expect any suspension of hostilities.

Of course it may be said that there is a point beyond which the campaign cannot be allowed to go without practically excluding us from any voice in the ultimate terms of peace. If Russia once gets possession of the Dardanelles, she may exact what terms she pleases, and snap her fingers at our interests. Ought we to intervene before that point is reached? Is the present the moment for intervening to prevent Russia from getting such an advantage? The *Times* has answered this question by defining how much nearer Constantinople the Russians may be allowed to go in their necessary military operations without being supposed to threaten Constantinople. They may, the *Times* argues, safely be allowed to occupy the right bank of the Maritza, "leaving the Turks in possession of the district thence to Constantinople, and nullifying their forces as they are now nullifying Suleiman Pasha." "They would thus have cut off from Turkish rule the greater part of Roumelia, the whole of Bosnia, Herzegovina, Macedonia, Albania, Thessaly, and Epirus. If either we or Europe are at present resolved that they shall not possess Constantinople, why should they go near it?" We must say that there does not seem to us to be much use in such considerations as these. They are not only not profitable, they are likely to be mischievous, because they tend to foster the idea that England alone is interested in the protection of Constantinople from Russian occupation. It is absurd to suppose that any first-rate Power could endure to have its plan of campaign prescribed to it. A rough "mind your own business" would be the natural reply to a suggestion that the Russian generals should proceed in their task of bringing the Porte to terms by spending month after month in the costly process of reducing outlying fortresses, while they abstained from striking at the centre of the enemy's power. If we cannot trust Russia to execute the work of coercing the Turks, a work in which we declined to give her any assistance, we should not stultify ourselves and incur well-deserved rebuffs by meddling with the course of her military operations. Besides, once the Russian forces have occupied the line which we consider the utmost limit consistent with the safety of our interests, what security are we to have that she will not go further?

It is clear that, unless the Government were prepared to let Russia ensure the submission of the Turks by the shortest military course, they should never have left the task in her hands. They had no prudent or patriotic alternative between joining Russia in the work of coercion, and either leaving it to her unreservedly, or warning her against attempting it at all. The worst of hinting at such a restriction as the *Times* suggests is that it encourages the notion that we are exclusively interested in the occupation of Constantinople by Russia. If we were, and if the possession of Constantinople is of vital consequence to us, then it would be most unwise on our part to permit Russia to cross the Balkans without rushing to its defence. On this supposition, indeed, we should not have been considering our own interests if we had not fought on the Turkish side from the first. But Austria is at least as much interested in the possession of Constantinople as we are, and it is far from being a matter of indifference to Germany. We ought to keep this in mind when we are urged to get into a panic about Constantinople. It is said that an understanding has been arrived at between Russia, Germany, and Austria, and that the campaign will be carried to a conclusion in accordance with that understanding. We may rest assured that if Austria is not alarmed for her interests in Turkey, we need not be alarmed about ours. Of course it is possible that Russia is hoodwinking the statesmen of Germany and Austria—that they are blind to their own interests. Even if Austria is interested in not allowing the permanent occupation of Constantinople by Russia, and has exacted a pledge from Russia that she will only occupy it temporarily, if at all, it may be that, once Russia is there, she will laugh her pledge to scorn and keep there, if she can. But against such fears one broad fact should be borne steadily in mind, that Russia will not attempt to hold Constantinople against the will of Germany and Austria, for the simple reason that without their consent the position would be untenable. It would admirably suit the purposes of these Powers to have England getting into a panic, and going to war to keep Russia out of Constantinople. Russia is their natural enemy, and every strain put upon her must be a source of delight to them. It almost seems as if their last move of coming to a separate understanding with Russia were a cunning calculation upon our excitability, and we shall be playing into their hands if our Government is foolish enough to embroil us with Russia.

An embroilment might very easily follow upon any ill-advised isolated diplomatic action at this moment, under the guise of mediation. If any overtures are made in that direction, it is inevitable that they should be met with a curt refusal. If anger is felt in this country at the rejection of such amicable offers, the anger should be directed not against Russia, but against the Government, who would have brought the mortification upon us by unseasonable meddling. It is possible that there are further mortifications in store for us, in consequence of the policy of isolation which they have pursued. We refused to act in concert with the other Powers; they may now refuse to take us into their counsels. If they attempt to ignore not merely our advice, but our interests, we know how to defend ourselves. Pocketing insults is not an agreeable occupation; at the same time, we owe no gratitude to those who may have imposed upon us the necessity of resenting them at an extravagant cost of resources and brave lives.

ENTR'ACTE POLITIQUE IN FRANCE.

(From a French Contributor.)

The plan of Marshal MacMahon, or at least of his counsellors, now appears in its simplicity. After having compromised the Conservative party by his precipitation, and having conducted to the crushing defeat of October 14, the President of the Republic dreams, like a new Fabius, of rehabilitating the clerical party by temporising. Can these tactics succeed after that defeat? Counting on the patriotism of the members of the Left, who will be under the necessity of resolving to plunge the whole country, by their refusal of the Budget, into the most frantic confusion, the men of the Elysée say that, wearied of the struggle, the majority will end, if not by conceding everything, at least by making grave concessions of principles and of persons from whom it will be possible to form a party against

them when the proper time arrives. Hence the ceaseless negotiations for the formation of a Ministry; the summons to the Elysée of all the chiefs of the Centre Right or the Centre Left, the one after the other. Last week M. Dufaure, then this week M. Batbie, finally M. Dufaure again, have been, *faute d'autres*, the ostensible chiefs of the Parliamentary Cabinet. No one has been deceived by these demonstrations. Everyone knows quite well that the question is not whether the chiefs of the majority or minority in the Senate will succeed to the *hommes d'affaires* of the Marshal. The war has been waged against the Chamber of Deputies; it has won the victory, and wishes to enjoy its advantages. It is not, therefore, a Dufaure Cabinet which will smooth away the grave difficulties gratuitously caused by the President of the Republic. One would feel inclined, in the case of the negotiations between the Marshal and the former Keeper of the Seals coming to anything, to regard this concession merely as a provisionary measure, in which case the Chamber would reply to this half-favour by another of the same nature, and would vote the Budget for a month, not for a whole year. It is thus that the energetic denial offered last week to the affirmations of the Agence Havas about the demands formulated by the Chamber of Deputies must be understood. It is true that no one was authorised to speak to the Marshal of guarantees, but it is very evident that peace will not be made as long as these guarantees are not accorded. The Deputies cannot content themselves with a lame and shaky peace. No one in the provinces would pardon them. The force of political sentiment which has been developed among the rural population and in the small towns, which until now were either indifferent or bond-slaves to the Monarchical party, is in point of fact one of the most characteristic traits of the existing crisis. The length of the crisis has in no way lessened the lively interest that these have taken since its beginning. The exchange of communications between the Deputies and their constituents is actively carried on; the Left, feeling itself truly supported by popular feeling, has the right to be firm.

But the opportunity for manifesting this firmness is not given every day. After the great declarations of the last few weeks, the Chamber, having affirmed its energy, has no longer any but invisible enemies to fight against—enemies hidden behind a man whom it is not wise to arraign as long as it is possible to temporise with him. The Chamber waits therefore. The Elysée, on its side, waits also. To amuse the gallery, the Marshal gives himself up to attempts at forming a Cabinet, and plays off upon negotiators who come to complain of the crisis the unpleasant joke of sending them to express their sorrow to "competent Ministers." These keep in shadow; it would be impossible to be less active than they are. They assume, for the most part, the modest attitude of men who feel themselves in an equivocal position, and do not dare to move either way. In theatres like the Palais Royal and the Variétés this ridiculous situation of blundering *bourgeois* "qui voudrait bien s'en aller" never fails to rouse the laughter of the pit, but it is to be regretted that the Marshal should have chosen such a moment for giving rise to comedy. The Chamber can do nothing. It has said to these unlucky personages that it will have no dealings with them. It awaits their successors, whoever they may be, to judge them.

While the laborious birth of the Ministry has been going on, as something had to be done, the elections of the Right have been verified. The work goes on slowly; it is necessary to reserve some work for the following sittings, for as long as there is no Ministry it would be impossible to discuss important questions of finance or administration, so the sittings are occupied, in the absence of anything better, by two or three verifications. The sight has little variety in it. A reporter enumerates the abuses of administrative authority committed in favour of the official candidate, extracts from prefectoral circulars or ecclesiastical pamphlets are read, protestations from the provinces are delivered to the Chamber, then the candidate, according to his oratorical powers, stammers a few words of excuse, or eloquently implores the Chamber not to condemn him. He blames the abuse of authority generally—avows, in order to curry favour, that in the greatest part of the elections there have been many excesses, but that in his own all has gone chiefly according to order. After this, a member of the Left rises to reply, and the Assembly decides by show of hands for or against the invalidity of the election. The conclusion comes in the midst of a general indifference, while the public yawns with weariness, the journalists talk loudly in their box, the Deputies are almost all in the lobbies, and the President's bell hardly succeeds in lessening for a moment the noise of private conversation.

How long will this singular condition of affairs last? It is impossible that it can be prolonged much longer. The decision conveyed to the Elysée on Wednesday by the chiefs of Constitutionals in the Senate has at last convinced the Marshal that dissolution is no longer possible, for the reasons that we have already given more than a month ago. In order to dismiss the Chamber, it would be necessary that the whole of the Budget should be voted. Therefore supposing even that M. Dufaure forms a Ministry, the Deputies are resolved not to grant the funds necessary for the carrying on of Government for more than a month. As it would take at least three months to form a new Chamber, it will be impossible to attempt a revenge for October 14, as long as the Left remain faithful to their resolution not to vote more than a twelfth part of the Budget at a time. But it may be asked will even this twelfth be voted if the Marshal keeps his Ministry? After minute information received from members of the Commission of the Budget itself, we believe ourselves able to reply in the affirmative. It is, in point of fact, a provisionary concession which does not in the least affect the principle, and gives once more to the Chamber the advantage of moderation. Moreover, it is impossible to make the ratepayers, the soldiers, and the officials responsible for the thickheadedness of one man, and it is wiser to avoid the social disorganisation which would be the consequence of a complete refusal of the Budget. In France, everything is so well centralised that if the Chamber refuse the tax, not only the central Government but all France would suffer. The Budget of the department, as well as that of the communes, are regulated by and confounded with the State Budget. It is first necessary that the sum destined for the needs of the State should be fixed by the Legislative Body, and approved by the Senate. When the division is made among the departments, a percentage is added to the principal for the needs of the Departmental and Communal Service. It may easily be understood, therefore, that it would be a heavy responsibility to refuse the Budget all at once. It would, without doubt, be better that the division should be made in a more complete manner between the different services with which it is necessary to assure the working of the system, and that the Chamber should be able to strike a sure blow at the guilty, and only the guilty. People are so completely persuaded, however, that the Budget will not be entirely refused, and that the *rente* will be issued on January 1, that the upward movement of the 5 per cents. continues in spite of the crisis. No one believes any longer among the public, either in the general dislocation of the Government, or in a *coup d'état*. The members of the Committee of 18 have now so confident an air of triumph that it is said that they must be either entirely reassured, or that they have taken precautions against any *coup d'état*.

GERMANY AND FRANCE.

The great defeat inflicted by the Prussian House of Commons upon Government, on November 7, has not cleared the atmosphere. On the contrary, thick clouds of dust are suddenly seen arising on the parliamentary field. Strange shadows of a Ministerial crisis even flit across the scene—assuming almost as contradictory forms as

the delusive combinations with which Marshal MacMahon tries to kill time, preparatory to a stroke which is to kill something else. One day we learn that Prince Bismarck has given up his intention of returning to Berlin about the middle of the present month. His own organ declares that "the state of his health does not render it advisable to terminate his indefinite leave within the next time—perhaps not even before the coming spring." That would mean that he will attend neither the present Prussian Landtag, nor the coming German Reichstag! The representatives of the people would thus be left to agitate themselves *in vacuo*; a condition of affairs not so very unlike the one at Versailles.

Close upon this medical bulletin of the *Nord-deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, which unbelieving German criticism persists in regarding as a leaf taken from a well-known farce of Molière, there come disquieting rumours about signs of a political and clerical reaction; or, at all events, of attempts at a reaction. The position of Dr. Hermann, the President of the Upper Church Council of Prussia, is said to be threatened more than ever. He may be described as the sentinel that guards the approaches to the Ministry of Public Worship, where Dr. Falk sits ensconced, whom the Ultramontanes are pleased to designate as Belial. The sentinel once overthrown, the Ministry may be stormed. So say those, at least, who sniff reaction in the air. And with some degree of logic they add that, in such a case, a reconstruction of the whole Prussian Cabinet, in a Conservative and pro-clerical sense, could not be far off. Already once, Dr. Hermann had offered his resignation; worried as he was by the intrigues of a hyper-saintly clique about Court. The mouthpiece of that clique, by a strange irony of the unfitness of things, is a son of the philosopher Hegel, whose dialectics have so deeply cut at the roots of various mythic beliefs. Within the last few days, Dr. Hermann was stated to have repeated his offer of resignation. The alarm among the National Liberal party rose, in consequence, to the highest pitch.

It would seem, however, that the news itself had no basis in fact. Nevertheless, there is talk of "open and secret denunciations" against the fellow-worker of Falk; and if anything can give colour to the current rumours, it is the arrogant language of the *Germania*, a journal which takes the national name in vain, as a cover for Romish Jesuitry. "From Ultramontanism alone"—that organ of foreign theocratic dominion says—"it depends whether the Protestant Church of Prussia can once more be saved, or not." And the Jesuit paper actually has the audacity to propose to the Court to enter into direct relations with the Centre party of the Landtag, in order to do away with the hated Falk Laws. It is an impotent appeal, of course. Still, it shows with what fantastic hopes the Vaticanists are again filled—owing, no doubt, to the success they have already partly achieved in a neighbouring country, where the "Sixteenth of May," and the consequences that have flown from it, are in no small measure traceable to the same influence which brought about Eugenie's little war. The *Germania* is a miracle paper, which unblushingly patronises the Marpingen scandal, and benevolently winks at all the winking Madonnas, from Loretto to Lourdes. To believe in the coming wonder of the triumph of Vaticanism in Germany, requires, for it, but a comparatively small effort; but those would perhaps be ill-advised who would measure the *Germania's* chances of success from its overweeningly credulous confidence.

Whilst Clericalists, and the small Conservative rump, overtly or covertly attempt an intrigue in the face of a clearly pronounced Liberal majority, there has been a counter-report, during several days, of a proposed reorganisation of the Prussian Ministry, in a sense which would allow Herr von Bennigsen, the moderate Liberal leader, to enter the Cabinet. So far back as Nov. 3, I have alluded to such a combination. A reconstruction in this sense would be a heavy blow and discouragement to the reactionists and miracle-mongers. For the nonce, however, all is uncertainty and confusion. From reasons of his own, the leading statesman is by no means in a hurry to surround himself with a compact body of Liberal ministers, in harmony with the wishes of the Landtag and the Reichstag. Such a rearrangement would diminish his own importance. Perhaps it is found more serviceable to cowe the Liberal majorities in Parliament by ever-recurring alarms about an impending reactionary change. A policy of this cleverly hazardous kind has, no doubt, had its use until now, in so far as it served the interests of a strongly personal government. But in such matters one is apt to become too clever by half. The day may at last come when an Æsopian fable, in which a shepherd indulges in repeated practical jokes, unexpectedly receives a fresh illustration.

There are evident signs, at any rate, that the drooping courage of political absolutists in Germany, who have dwindled in Parliament to quite an infinitesimal number, seeks to revive itself from the aspect of affairs in France. The German nation at large—Liberals, Progressists, Democrats, and even the more patriotic Conservatives—heartily wish well to the French Republican cause. A remarkable manifestation in this sense recently took place in the House of Deputies at Berlin. M. Petri, a Liberal and Old Catholic member, spoke out against Bonapartism, MacMahonism, and its priestly allies or guides, in words of such withering scorn as are seldom heard in the precincts of a Parliament. All the perjury and sanguinary crime; all the fraud and gross violation of the letter or the spirit of the law; all the oppressive tyranny accomplished by the Man of December 2, or aimed at by the Man of May 16, were denounced, amidst the applause of German deputies, in accents of the sternest judgment. It need scarcely be said that M. Windthorst, the Ultramontane Hanoverian ex-Minister, followed with an apology for Napoleonism, and with an attack upon Gambetta. The division of German parties upon the Constitutional question in France was thus correctly marked off.

This manifestation at Berlin was all the more notable because there is a growing apprehension in Germany lest Marshal MacMahon should succeed in taking the French representatives of the people unawares. It was a homage to Principle and Right; not a demonstration in favour of an undoubted winner. My own opinion, as before expressed, has since 1873, from the day of MacMahon's appointment, strongly inclined to a belief in the danger which at present convulses France. The deep sympathetic concern for the future of the Republican form of her government must to-day be the title and warrant for a further judgment of mine on the situation—a judgment, which, however in disaccord with accepted views, is dictated by political fellow-feeling, and unfortunately too well supported now by facts.

When the last electoral campaign in France began, I published the following, under date of July 23:—"By the confiscation and the prohibition of journals, by the dissolution of meetings and societies, by arrestations and other means of terror, MacMahon has already largely prepared the field. Gambetta, it is true, confidently asserts that, not only will the 363 return, but that the Republican majority will be increased to 400. *I cannot share this opinion. I hold it to be far more probable that the Republican party will suffer a loss in strength.*" This was written before the death of Thiers. After that event, on September 6, I published once more an opinion to the same effect. I felt convinced that a number of weak-kneed opportunists—who had only gone over to the Republican cause because "so safe a man" as Thiers had also been converted to it—would now become doubtful as to the party-flag under which they should henceforth serve.

Though a leader must certainly urge on his party by prospects of victory, I held, and I hold, it to be an error to fix beforehand, in an electoral campaign, a definite number; for, if that number be not reached, the result is forthwith interpreted by the enemy as a sign of his antagonist's comparative defeat. So it has been on this last occasion. As to the Ministerial combinations, with which MacMahon has of late amused or angered his opponents, I have never been

able to attribute to them any other meaning than that they were meant as a screen behind which a dangerous reactionary plan was being matured. To obtain, if possible, by cajolery, the necessary supplies by a Parliamentary vote, whilst acting contrary to the policy of Parliament; if not, to fritter away the time, so as to extend the Session until the term is reached when a dissolution once more becomes legally feasible—that is to say, in accordance with the Marshal's view of the Constitution—and in the meantime to unnerve the Assembly and public opinion by an intolerably prolonged tension: such has, all through these last weeks, appeared to me to be MacMahon's aim. This opinion I have twice expressed in so many words at a time when others sang "Victory."

Whatever changes in the situation may yet come, the political psychology of the state of affairs seems to me to remain, of necessity, the same. The Republic has for its head its sworn foe. It cannot be saved by the establishment of this or that Cabinet. Right must now look for gaining the required Might. It can only do so by an immediate and a most extensive propagandism among the army, where MacMahon seeks his own support. If a section of the army is not quickly gained for the Republic, all will be lost. KARL BLIND.

IRRIGATION IN INDIA.

Famine is at least as great a danger to our Indian Empire as the Czar of Russia, and precautions against its recurrence are no less necessary than precautions against interference with our road to the East. But precautions for the one purpose as much as for the other ought to be well considered and worthy of a community which may still claim to be partially rational and practical. We may be firmly convinced of the necessity of protecting our road to India, and of the necessity of preventing the recurrence of famine, but that is no reason why we should rush into rash undertakings without counting the cost or estimating the probable result. For the last year and more a few rowdy journalists, Jews, and stockbrokers, have been trying to persuade us that our road to India would be jeopardised, and our power and prestige as a nation irretrievably ruined, if we did not expend incalculable blood and treasure for the support of a decaying dynasty at Constantinople. They have not condescended to argument, but they have shown vast powers of declamation and abuse; the country has heard them, and has not been persuaded. All Englishmen who have not lost their senses have settled down into the conviction that for the security of our road to India a firm hold of Egypt is a sufficient and infinitely less costly precaution. For this they are prepared to contend with all their resources and all their fighting power, and they are too confident in their strength to be turned aside from their purpose by any amount of ignorant or interested literary fury.

The prevention of famine in India has received comparatively little attention amidst the noise raised over the other great question, but Mr. Bright's speech at Manchester has done something to get a hearing for it. Mr. Bright has taken up Sir Arthur Cotton's panacea for the prevention of famine—irrigation. Only irrigate, and you will save the people, and protect the Empire from a crushing load of debt. Now, before accepting irrigation as the one thing needful, however much we may admit its importance, the subject should be thoroughly discussed. The history of what has been done in one of the provinces of our Indian Empire, Bengal, may be accepted as a contribution to the discussion. Bengal is the wealthiest, largest, most populous, and best known of the provinces in British India. There are now irrigation works in this province in South Behar, in Midnapore, and in Orissa, and it may be stated without exaggeration that Sir Arthur Cotton is their originator and author. The earliest and most important of these works is what is known as the Orissa project. It is not correct to assert, as is done by Colonel Chesney, in the *Fortnightly Review*, quoted with approval by Mr. Bright, in his speech, that the Orissa works are the outcome of the great famine of 1866. So long ago as 1858, Sir Arthur Cotton was deputed by Government to report on the advisability of irrigation in Orissa. He reported that it would be necessary to carry out a system of works that would completely regulate the waters of the province, similar to those in the Godavery and Kistna Deltas, and urged that Government should at once take the project in hand as being eminently practicable and advantageous. He also suggested, if Government was unwilling to execute these works itself, that an English company should be permitted to carry them out. In accordance with this suggestion the East India Irrigation and Canal Company was formed in 1860. The arrangements made between Government and the Company were that Government was to give all land free of charge; that the Company was to construct the works, and, when these were ready for irrigation, to distribute the water; whilst Government was to collect the water-rates, and, after deducting the cost of collection, to pay the remainder over to the Company. The works were commenced in November 1863, and by the end of 1865 water first became available from the Company's works for the irrigation of land. But the people refused to take water, and the works proved a failure. At the end of Oct., 1867, the Company was prepared to supply water to 153,000 acres, whereas the area actually under irrigation amounted to only 9,836 acres. The whole gross revenue from the commencement to October, 1867, only amounted to 4,339*l*. The returns thus not coming in, the shares of the Company fell in the market, and bankruptcy stared the shareholders in the face. About the same time, the same Company had under consideration the irrigation of a part of South Behar adjoining the Sone river, and their project here also was accepted by Government on the understanding that the agreement must end if the Company did not make satisfactory progress with their works. But, from want of funds, the Company were never even able to commence work on the Sone project. Irrigation in Bengal was in a state of collapse. At this epoch, however, Government intervened, as much, there is reason to believe, in the interest of the shareholders as of irrigation; and after somewhat lengthy negotiations, the Orissa and Sone projects became the property of Government on January 1, 1869, on payment of the sum of 1,040,050*l*. In other words, Government bought at par value, at the price of more than a million sterling, shares which at their market value were worthless.

Since this time the works of the Orissa project (including Midnapore) and of the Sone project have steadily progressed to completion. The outlay has been prodigious, and the loss on them enormous. The total capital outlay on irrigation works in Lower Bengal up to March 31, 1876, was 4,072,742*l*., and not less than 1,494,000*l*. will be required to complete the works that are in progress; the gross income from these works in 1875–76 was 23,043*l*., and the working expenses were 52,949*l*.; there was a dead loss on the year's operations, independently of interest on borrowed capital of 29,906*l*.; the net loss in interest and working expenses during the year was 203,700*l*., and the total accumulated loss up to March 31, 1876, was 878,100*l*. With one trifling exception, there has always hitherto been an annual loss on the working of the canals. The only canal in Bengal that has ever paid its working expenses for the year is the Hidgelee Tidal Canal, in Midnapore, which was constructed in the first instance for irrigation purposes, but, as the water was found to be salt, it has been exclusively used for navigation. The extraordinary traffic of 1874, in order to meet the famine demand in the upper parts of Bengal, so raised the navigation tolls of that year that they gave a profit over working expenses of about 50*l*.

The Orissa and Midnapore canals had cost, up to March 31, 1876, 2,482,039*l*., and are so far completed that water for irrigation on a large scale has been obtainable for several years past; in 1875–76 these canals yielded an income of 17,953*l*., while the working ex-

penses were 41,406*l.*; including interest, the net loss on these canals was 122,567*l.*, and the total loss up to March 31, 1876, was 666,131*l.* The further works which it is proposed to undertake in Orissa will cost about 868,000*l.* more. There does not, however, appear to be the smallest chance of an adequate return from this great expenditure.

The Sone canals had cost, up to the end of 1875–76, 1,521,366*l.*, and more than 1,185,000*l.* will be required to complete them. The income in 1875–76 was 5,090*l.*, and the working expenses were 11,543*l.* In this case also there is no probability that they will, for many years to come, pay the interest on the capital outlay.

Such is the history and present condition of the irrigation works in Bengal. The bare statement of the above facts, derived from official sources, which have been published, is more eloquent than any commentary on them could be. Practically the works are, and always have been, at a dead-lock. The Irrigation Department is over-officered, and the difficulty is not to find men for the work, but work for the men. Large sums of money have been literally squandered in order to find useless employment for engineer officers who would otherwise have been sitting idle at the Presidency. On the other hand, the people do not care for the canals; they grudge the land, and view the construction of the distributary channels as a grievance. Irrigation is not popular, and has failed to produce the wonderful results anticipated from it.

The reason of this failure is not far to seek. The canals are unnecessary, for they have been laid down in a country where there is already an adequate supply of rain water. The circumstances of Orissa are unlike those of the Indus basin, or of the Upper Ganges basin, or of the lower peninsula of India. There are dry zones that may fairly be said to stand in absolute need of irrigation. But in Orissa, and indeed all over Bengal proper, irrigation is a mere expensive luxury, occasionally useful, sometimes injurious, and never absolutely necessary except in extraordinary years. In Bengal and Orissa, the rainfall is not only sufficient in quantity, but it is, broadly speaking, regular in its incidence. It is not, of course, the case that the rains are always so regular as to yield a first-rate harvest; but it is a very rare occurrence when they fall so irregularly as to yield a crop insufficient for the support of the people. During the present century there has been only one famine in Orissa, that of 1866, and only one year, 1874, when there was any real approach to famine over Bengal generally. Behar, the large territory that lies to the north-west of the territories under the Lieutenant-Governorship of Bengal, is somewhat differently situated, but even there drought and famine are of very rare occurrence. If there is to be irrigation in Bengal, it should be in parts of Behar only. But it remains to be seen whether the Sone irrigation works, established in Behar, have not been constructed on a scale which will render them a ruinous insurance against the occurrence of a possible but fortunately improbable famine.

The inutility of irrigation in Bengal, and the enormous useless expenditure that has been incurred by the State on the construction of irrigation works in that province, has recently been the subject of active discussion in India. The expenditure was incurred by the Imperial Government, and that Government has renounced its liability for the payment of current expenses and of the current interest due on the capital expended. Those charges are henceforth to be borne by the Provincial Government of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. But that Government does not possess the funds wherewith to meet so large an annual outlay, and it has been found necessary to impose what is known as a compulsory water-rate on the people. In other words, all persons whose lands fall within the area irrigable by canal distributaries will now be compelled to pay a water-rate for their land every year, whether they want the water or not, and whether they take it or not. The injustice of this imposition is not among the least of the evils that have attended the introduction of irrigation in India into a province where it was not wanted.

THE *INFLEXIBLE*.

The long-expected Report of the Committee appointed by the Admiralty to inquire into the stability of Her Majesty's ship *Inflexible* has at last appeared. Although not lengthy, it gives evidence of painstaking work and of minute investigation, while it has the special merit of being admirably clear. The task set before this Committee was delicate and difficult. If it is a delicate matter to assail a woman's reputation, it is no less delicate and dangerous to a man-of-war to let a breath of suspicion or doubt sully her fair fame; therefore, the responsibility Mr. Reed has assumed, in his attack on the *Inflexible*, is exceptionally heavy, and, therefore, the work of the Committee in dealing with his charges, was neither light nor without embarrassment. The difficulty of their work even the most unscientific mind is capable of appreciating; for what had to be done was not to ascertain if this much-abused ship were stable, but whether, under certain conditions, involving assumptions of a widely different character, she would be so; and to do this effectively and accurately involved nothing less than the most laborious calculation and most careful experiment. To say the Committee have done their work well is simply to say they have done it as might be expected of men of the reputation of Admiral Sir James Hope, Dr. Woolley, Mr. Rendel and Mr. Froude; to say that the result of their labours will settle the question they have dealt with, or satisfy Mr. Reed and those who agree with him, would be in the highest degree visionary.

The general conclusion these gentlemen have arrived at is that the *Inflexible*, in her present form, is a satisfactory ship; that, were she to be built over again, certain improvements are possible, and are even desirable; that, under ordinary circumstances, there is no fault to be found with her; and that, only under very extraordinary circumstances of an improbable character will she be liable to be placed in a critical or dangerous situation. In fact, so far as the *Inflexible* herself is concerned, there is, in their opinion, no reason for delaying her completion, or materially altering her structure. Her "unprotected ends are as well able as her armoured citadel to bear the part assigned to them in encountering the various risks of naval warfare," and, therefore, "we," the committee assert, "consider that a just balance has been maintained in the design, so that out of a given set of conditions a good result has been obtained." But, in regard to ships which are to be built in future, the Committee think many improvements capable of being introduced; the most important of these is, unquestionably, the suggestion to increase the breadth of beam, as a means of securing a large increase to their safety, "without impairing their speed and efficiency."

It is essential to keep these two conclusions perfectly distinct, if the controversy about the *Inflexible* last year is to be understood, or the discussion on the subject which will infallibly take place when Parliament meets. By judiciously mixing the two opinions together; by reading the conclusions about the *Inflexible* into the conclusions about future construction, and *vice versâ*, there will be no difficulty in raising a very effective cloud of dust, sufficient to obscure the vision of any unprofessional critic. Already Mr. Reed has come to the front, as might have been anticipated, with a protest against this Report, and an evident determination to mix these two conclusions well together, and to force still upon public notice the opinion he had previously formed that "terrible will be the responsibilities which will rest upon them" [the Admiralty] "if, in face of the Committee's concluding facts and adjurations, they send our seamen to sea in such a ship." Mr. Reed goes even so far, in the first shot he has fired on the subject this week, as to impugn the good faith of the Committee in the summary they give of their Report. At least he earnestly hopes, "for the honour's sake of the Committee," that this summary was not drawn up by them, as "a more delusive step could not have been taken by any one." The cause of this

delusion is not far to seek. It is that, while this summary gives, in regard to the *Inflexible*, a favourable colour, it omits any reference to the view of the Committee, which we have already noted, about the improvements which may with advantage be introduced into future construction. "This Committee," he says, "which has taken such elaborate pains to put us in the wrong, winds up its Report with that very appeal which we have for many months past been ourselves urging, and itself puts a stop to 'proceeding with the construction of more vessels of the type,' and yet the summary has been so drawn by some evil and deceptive pen as to lead the public to the very contrary conclusion."

The line, therefore, that Mr. Reed and those who agree with him intend to take is clear enough. Mr. Reed himself has, literally, not allowed a day to pass without stating it, and in terms sufficiently strong to show that he is still prepared to fight this question as vehemently as ever. The necessity, therefore, of keeping clearly in view the fact that the Committee adopt two separate sets of conclusions, which, though seemingly contradictory, are, in reality, nothing of the kind, and that Mr. Reed insists on combining these two conclusions, is apparent. Because the Committee think the speed and efficiency of vessels of the *Inflexible* class, which may hereafter be built, will be improved by certain improvements, Mr. Reed is determined to insist that this is equivalent to a statement that therefore the *Inflexible* is unsafe, and her construction ought to be abandoned. Now, so far as the public has the power to judge in such a matter as this, Mr. Reed has this advantage; that when everything has been said that can be said, which it is possible to understand, the question must ultimately resolve itself into a matter of figures. In other words, while the attack can be conducted intelligibly, in the vulgar tongue, the defence, to be effective, is ultimately forced to take refuge in the unintelligible hieroglyphics of abstruse mathematical calculation.

By this time, the original terms of the dispute, which gave rise to the appointment of this Committee, are almost forgotten, but they are worth a word or two now. Mr. Reed contended that, if the unarmoured ends of the *Inflexible* were completely riddled and blown up, she would inevitably capsize. It may be observed that the peculiarity of the *Inflexible* is that, while her central part, or citadel, is heavily armoured, her bow and stern are practically unarmoured, the theory being that, while these ends would be important and valuable to her in giving stability, buoyancy, and speed, they were not absolutely essential; and that if, by any accident, they were injured, she might be crippled, but would retain her stability. Mr. Reed's view, then, that if these ends were destroyed, the *Inflexible* would capsize, was a direct attack on the convictions on which the vessel had been designed, and naturally alarmed the country. The Admiralty denied the probability of Mr. Reed's assumption; but, in the end, appointed a Committee of Investigation. The result of their inquiry is, as we have shown, to prove that this assumption of the complete destruction of the unarmoured ends of a vessel is a very remote contingency: that, even were it to happen, the vessel would still have a certain, though small, amount of stability; and that, for ordinary risks of weather or war, she was sufficiently safe. The question raised is of very great importance, and the service done by Mr. Reed cannot be set aside safely, as is proved even by the very Report of this Committee. He speaks not only with authority, but with a due sense of responsibility, as a famous constructor and as a member of Parliament. It is of the utmost importance that any personal feeling of jealousy in such a matter as this should be rigorously excluded, and that, above all, the Admiralty should continue to regard its critics as friends rather than foes.

CRIMINAL APPEAL.

Various causes have combined to bring the subject of our criminal law into that field of controversy which legal questions occasionally enter when the public indifference in regard to them is for the moment suspended. The results this time have in the main been more curious than edifying. The Penge Case produced as large a crop of self-confident ignorance as has appeared since the conviction of Orton, and the enunciation in the form of a legal principle of the remarkable proposition that "by the law of England there could be no conviction on speculative evidence." What "speculative evidence" may be we were not informed. If it means circumstantial evidence, the statement is false; if it means imperfect evidence, it is a truism. A still more recent case which has given rise to much less excitement is far more unsatisfactory. Three men were tried last summer, before Mr. Justice Hawkins, for a rape upon an old woman, convicted, and sentenced to a long term of penal servitude. Three other men were tried in October before Mr. Justice Lush for the same outrage upon the same person, and the jury not only acquitted the prisoners, but by a felicitous irregularity were allowed to find that no such crime had ever been committed at all. Thereupon the first three men received a pardon for an offence of which they are now assumed not to have been guilty, and by the creation of a mischievous precedent, at which Miss Rhodes has some reason to feel personally aggrieved, received the curious sum of 5*l.* 10*s.* each from the Treasury as compensation. The prosecutrix, with her husband, who confirmed her account, is now to be indicted for perjury, and if a third jury acquits the pair, the position of all parties will be slightly ambiguous. There can be little doubt, considering who it was that presided over the second trial, that substantial justice has been done in this matter, but on the face of it there seems no reason for preferring the verdict of one jury to the verdict of another. Meanwhile a certain feeling of uneasiness has been caused by these incidents, and people begin to ask whether trial by jury is not, as the late Prince Albert absurdly said of Parliamentary government, on its trial. We cannot think, though no man can really tell, that mistaken convictions are anything but rare exceptions in English criminal justice. The general severity of our law, which has partially survived the reforms of Bentham and Romilly, is certainly not conducive to the conviction of innocent persons. Indeed, there is reason to fear that it has a pernicious influence in the other direction. And so far as a jury submits itself to the guidance of the Judge, which in most cases is almost entirely, it follows, as a rule, the lead of a practised and cautious intelligence combined with a humane and kindly disposition. English courts of criminal law are not far from being what it was once eloquently said that they ought to be —"schools of truth, morality, and compassion."

But many people who are convinced that juries, on the whole, do justice between prisoners and society are not satisfied that criminal verdicts should technically be final, while verdicts of guilty are, in fact, subject to the caprice of the Home Secretary. In this state of things, the ability and experience of Sir James Stephen are a welcome addition to a somewhat desultory controversy. In an essay in the current *Nineteenth Century*, he discusses several points in our criminal law, the most important of which is the subject of this article. But before discussing whether we ought to have a Court of Criminal Appeal, it may be as well to clear up what appears to be the popular delusion—that we have not got one at present. The Court for the Consideration of Crown Cases Reserved, of which all the Judges in the Common Law Divisions of the High Court of Justice are members, and which must at any time consist of at least five of them, one being the chief of a Division, is exclusively occupied with criminal business. But it is only empowered to decide points of law, and these must be specially reserved for its consideration by the Judge who presides at the trial. It is entirely within the discretion of the Judge whether he will reserve such points or not, though it is possible that in extreme cases a mandamus might issue to a Chairman of Quarter Sessions commanding him to do so. Such a Court is necessarily limited in its influence, and has not sufficient work for the half-day in a

week over which its sittings nominally extend. It is also possible, as in the case of Mr. Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant, where it is alleged that the indictment is bad on the face of it, to proceed by writ of error to the Court of Appeal, and ultimately to the House of Lords. But, as we said before, the finding of a jury in a criminal case is irreversible except by Act of Parliament, though if the verdict be unfavourable to the prisoner it can be divested of its penal consequences by the clemency of the Crown. The constitutional function of Mr. Cross in such cases is simply to advise Her Majesty whether there is ground for remitting the whole or any portion of the sentence, and it is no part of his duty to go behind the verdict of the jury, and say that the evidence is insufficient or unsatisfactory. But the actual practice has for some time been that the Home Secretary should reconsider the whole matter, should consult the Judge who tried the case, should invariably interfere if the Judge be dissatisfied with the verdict, and only in extreme cases if the Court and the jury are agreed. But the Home Secretary is solely responsible for the result; and as Parliament would never interfere in a solitary case, there is nothing to prevent him from practically setting aside the verdict of the jury, on the ground that he himself, on the notes of evidence before him, would have come to a different conclusion. Now this licence granted to a layman is conspicuously at variance with the powers of trained and selected lawyers in civil cases. It is a well-known rule of law that a Court will not order a new trial merely because it disagrees with a jury on the evidence, but will only interfere when their verdict is so obviously contrary to the evidence that there can be no reasonable doubt of its being wrong. Almost everyone will concur with Sir James Stephen in thinking that the position of the Home Secretary in criminal matters is incapable of serious defence. The only remedy, if we are to have a chance of correcting palpable miscarriages of justice, lies in the establishment of some kind of appellate tribunal. Sir James Stephen suggests two forms which such a Court might take, and implies that the classification is practically exhaustive. The first form is one which he advocated in his 'General View of the Criminal Law,' which he published in 1863, and which we are glad to have had an opportunity of showing that we have read, though its author hints that its readers are not numerous. He was then of opinion that the best plan was to create a small tribunal, which should finally decide either that the verdict ought to stand, or that it ought to be set aside. Sir James Stephen has now, however, become a convert to the alternative scheme which fourteen years ago he definitely rejected. He now proposes that there should be the same power of ordering a new trial in criminal cases on the ground that the verdict is against the weight of the evidence as there is in civil questions. Whether he would extend the ground of interference to misdirection on the part of the Judge he does not say; but in support of his thesis he quotes the case of Smethurst, who was convicted in 1859 of poisoning a woman with whom, in the lifetime of his wife, he had gone through the ceremony of marriage. After the verdict, much discredit was thrown on the medical evidence; and Cornewall Lewis, who was then Home Secretary, referred the whole matter to Brodie, confessedly the first of living English chemists. The Judge had previously expressed his opinion that neither the case for the prosecution nor that for the defence had been satisfactorily presented to the jury. Brodie thought the evidence unsatisfactory, and Smethurst received a free pardon, though the Government took the somewhat absurd course of prosecuting him for bigamy. Sir James Stephen thinks this was a case for a new trial, and there can be little doubt that he is right. He obviates to a certain extent one objection to his proposal by stating that in India, where such appeals are allowed, there are few of them; and his scheme may be commended as likely, under proper safeguards to give the best solution of a very difficult problem.

THE NOVEL-MAKING TRADE.

Few modern inventions have had a more sudden and supreme career than light literature. It has multiplied and gone everywhere, like the railroad; and has made opposition an anachronism, like machinery. We are so used to it as one of the chief concomitants of life that we can hardly appreciate its influence: but we may partly do so if we set ourselves to try to conceive it non-existent, to try to imagine a world without a Mudie. And yet there was such a world. And what a very little while ago!

Much might here be said historically and critically about light literature; but many have said the much already, and the humbler aim of this paper is to say a few words about its remarkable result on women's labour. Before this invention women rarely wrote. As a rule they could not. As a rule, if they could, they might not. Some did, of course, in an exceptional fashion; so some women are taller than the average inches of men, and, although they may receive the consent of society, or even its beatification as "fine women," there is always an uneasy kind of feeling concerning these "daughters of the gods, divinely tall"—a feeling which even their genuine admirers cannot wholly repress—as if there were something not quite satisfactory morally in their stature, a sort of doing something scarcely in accordance with the strictest feminine refinement and the marriage service of the Church of England. Some women wrote, but to write was not a woman's calling; those who exercised it were able to do so by a peculiar gift or peculiar defect, as opinions might go, and their thus employing themselves was oftener than not looked on as at best a dereliction pardonable by its success. Women who are in any way, mental or bodily, more than feminine run the risk of being therefore accounted also less than feminine; and, in the days here spoken of, sagacious parents, looking to it that their girls should get through the world in pleasant renown, discouraged all literary aspirations as indiscretions calculated to lower them in the esteem of the society they frequented; while the dangers and unseemly vanity of a woman's indulging in intellectual ability were a favourite theme of composers of guide-books to the feminine virtues.

But the development of light literature has changed all that. It has had, but in a much larger degree, the same sort of effect as the introduction of the sewing-machine in the tailoring trade, which is said to have led to the employment of so many female hands. Women are its chief manufacturers. Its production is so distinctly looked upon as one of the trades properly belonging to them that it is a mere commonplace of argument to point out, in refuting pleas *ad misericordiam* for their admission to the remunerative professions, that, if they cannot get places as governesses, there still remain to them two perfectly open and feminine careers as sick-nurses and as novelists; and, moreover, when names of well-known women who have spent money in the former capacity or earned it in the latter are arrayed in proof of the wide possibilities offered the unprotected female by either career, the novelists to the nurses are in number as doctors to poets by profession.

It is coming to be understood that sick-nursing is at once a gift of grace and an art to be learned, and that not every lady is qualified for it by being a lady and penniless; also that, if she is a lady and penniless, a profession by which she can hope to earn, provided she becomes proficient and can get the best places, not much less than a lady's-maid's wages without perquisites, may not supply all she needs a calling for—if she needs it, that is, as a calling and not a saint's vocation—and that, from this point of view, this employment, of late years so frequently re-discovered for women asking for work, has too much the character of a luxury for those with ill-filled purses to afford: also that sick-nurse's situations, with or without salaries, are not always to be had for the asking by untrained candidates. Altogether this career is not so unlimitedly open to ladies with livelihoods to earn as has been assumed,

and we may expect some day before long to find the notion that being a sick-nurse could be classed with being a governess or writing novels as an alternative profession for gentlemen of limited education looked on as of too obsolete an ignorance to be treated seriously. On the other hand the novelist's career really does exist for the women to whom it is proposed; it is undeniably a "woman's sphere"—that is to say a place a woman can fill without any money or any pains having been spent in preparing her for it—and, more than that, unlike "women's spheres" generally, it is one in which money can be made. Therefore, in those upper middle class families whence novels chiefly come, women of all ages, no matter what may have been their habits and their tastes, their studies or no studies, their experiences or no experiences, when they find themselves compelled to do something for bread, take to literature much as their sisters of the working-classes set up a mangle.

It is not strange that women should thus rush into the one remunerative profession available: it is not strange that many of them should find in it only disappointment and failure: what is strange is that so many of them succeed in it. A somewhat ignorant person, little acquainted with society, less with practical life, encompassed with the most uneventful responsibility, nurtured on common-places and chronicles of small beer, with only poverty for muse and hopes for qualification, sits down to write a novel—and writes it successfully. Her book has the first great requisite—the requisite which wiser and wittier than she have often missed—it is readable. Her plot fulfils its purpose; it keeps the reader intent, and always just about to guess but never having guessed too surely, and arranges the necessary convolutions of crimes and secrets with just sufficient intricacy to entice, not weary, curiosity; or it offers scope for observant depiction of the Mayfair world in town and out of town, or for an ingeniously varied succession of love-scenes and divine despairs. Her heroes may sometimes present an unconvincing appearance, as of puppets spasmodically jerked—chiefly in consequence of their stupendous knowledge of the world and obtrusively masculine morals—but her heroines always behave properly, which to be sure may sometimes mean improperly from an un-novelistic point of view, and present themselves as personalities for the nonce, even if a critical inspection should discern them impossible. She has not a chapter's difficulty in acquiring the customary methods: she can button-hole her reader with asides and jointly confess his faults, sprinkling her pages with the *peccavimus* and *tu quoque* salt that once had the savour of Thackeray; she can point her sentences with pathetic epigrams and pungent platitudes and weight them with philosophic musings; she developes a tom-tit-like aptitude for snatching up shreds and hairs of unassorted learning and weaving them in to line her work. And there is nothing intermittent about her capability; unless outward and physical hindrances intervene, she can always rely on herself for three volumes, one off and the other on. Writing without the impulses and the efforts of genius and without the deliberation and cancelling second thoughts of learning, she has her faculty always at her will and whatever she has done she can do.

No theory is necessary or possible to account for a Miss Austen, a Currer Bell, a George Eliot; but it does seem as if there must be some common causes discoverable for the very general ability of but ordinarily gifted women to produce novels when necessary. One such cause immediately suggests itself in the paucity of active interests and of occupations requiring complete mental attention in their normal home lives. The mind, less busy than the fingers and with no engrossing themes, habitually "takes notice," as nurses say, and in time becomes possessed of a collection of minor facts of description and inferences which, purposeless heretofore, find their purpose when the novel has to be written; in the absence of events trifling incidents take importance, they are speculated about, analysed, looked at through and through and all round, the effects, direct or indirect, which they have or might have on affairs of more moment are more than amply recognised, and there is thus efficient, though unconscious, preparation for that use of minor episodes and sequences of the little causes from which great events spring which is the main difference between the novelist's and the newspaper reporter's way of telling a story. Yet on second thoughts one objects against this explanation that, if it be true, we must expect that women would make their novels photographs of homes and social circles as known to themselves, that they would put out their strength essentially in treatment of manners and character, and that their chief requirement in the matter of plot would be getting the right proportion and arrangement of Misters and Misses for entanglements and matrimonial *dénouements*, that the type they would instinctively assume would be Miss Austen's and hers the model they would deliberately imitate. Then come third thoughts, said to be wiser than second, and the answer is made that the same habit of mind which exercises itself on real surroundings will exercise itself on unreal—on the events presented to it by novels. People with plenty to occupy them read a novel and have done with it, but, with unaccentuated lives and brains at leisure, the last-read novel is as continuing a theme for recollection and the vague brooding that goes to the click of the needle, until the next novel is begun, as is the last piece of news till the next arrives. The more confined is the world of the unoccupied woman—or rather of the semi-occupied woman, for no woman submits to doing nothing at all—the wider is pretty sure to be her experience of the novelist's world; and, let her have never so little creative imagination, she has reproductive imagination enough to find new combinations of characters and circumstances with which, no matter how exceptional and even impossible they may be, she is for practical purposes as much at home as she is with the material existence around her. Thus, although the woman who starts a new style of novel must possess genius, or at the least a special aptitude proper to herself, another with only fair natural abilities and a fluent pen can supply popular demand for the style with a not saliently inferior article.

Perhaps too many novels are made: it may be true that they would be better if, generally speaking, each author wrote fewer, and if some authors wrote none. But women must live. And instead of saying one word intended to injure a trade which affords a maintenance to so many industrious persons who would otherwise have at best the opportunity of earning the barest pittance, every conscientious man should make it his duty to read, or at all events to get from his circulating library, not less than one three-volume novel a week.

POETRY.

THE BEGUILING OF MERLIN.

(MR. E. BURNE JONES'S PICTURE AT THE LATE EXHIBITION OF THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.)

Glamour of bud, and blossom, and sweet May,
Glamour of life, and of love's burgeoning,
When through gray mists of eld a second Spring
Glances a moment, flying—ah, welaway,
Needed there other witcheries, O fay,
Of olden rune's low crooning, and the swing
And rhythm of lissom limbs in mystic ring,
To charm the sage into thy thrall and prey?

But, ah, the horror of those eyes athirst
For draughts of fuller life, that drink for these
Thy soul's sly poison to the subtler lees,
Knowing it poison—seeing the past accurst,
To day a lie, hope like a bubble burst,
And worse than death creep on by slow degrees.

FRANK T. MARZIALS.

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

Author of 'The Adventures of a Phaeton,' 'The Princess of Thule,' &c.

CHAPTER L.

A NEW COMPANION.

The arrival of the new sovereign to take possession of the ceded dominions had been made known to the people at Eagle Creek ranch; and soon our poor Bell was being made the victim of continual interviews, during which agents, overseers, and lawyers vainly endeavoured to get some definite information into her bewildered head. For what was the use of reporting about the last branding of calves, or about the last month's yield of the Belle of St. Joe, or about the probable cost of the new crushing machines, when the perpetual refrain of her thinking was, "O good people, wouldn't you take the half of it; and let me have my children!"

Fortunately her husband was in no wise bewildered; and it was with not a little curiosity that he went off to inspect the horses and two carriages that had been sent on to Denver for us from the ranch. My lord was pleased to express his approval of these; albeit that one of the vehicles was rather a rude-looking affair. The other, however—doubtless Colonel Sloane's state carriage—was exceedingly smart, and had obviously been polished up for the occasion; while, as regards the horses, these were able to elicit even something more than approval from this accomplished critic. He went back to the hotel highly pleased. He believed he had got some inkling that life at the ranch was not wholly savage. The beautiful polished shafts and the carefully brushed dark-blue cushions had had an effect on his imagination.

And then, right in the midst of all this turmoil, Lady Sylvia got a telegram from New York. We had just sat down to dinner in the big saloon, at a separate table; and we were a sufficiently staid and decorous party, for Mr. and Mrs. von Rosen were dressed in black, and the rest of us had donned whatever dark attire we had with us, out of respect to the memory of the lamented Jack Sloane. (One of the executors was to call in on us after dinner; but no matter.) This telegram produced quite a flutter of excitement; and for the moment we forgot all about Texan herds and placer mines. Lady Sylvia became a trifle pale as the telegram was handed to her; and she seemed to read it at one glance; then, despite herself, a smile of pleasure came to her lips; and the colour returned to her face.

"But what is this, Mr. von Rosen?" she said—and she endeavoured to talk in a matter-of-fact way, as if nothing at all had happened. "My husband speaks of some proposal you have made to him."

"Yes," said the lieutenant, blushing like a guilty schoolboy.

He looked at his wife; and both were a trifle embarrassed; but at this moment Lady Sylvia handed the telegram across the table.

"You may read it," she said indifferently; as if it had conveyed but little news to her. And yet it was a long telegram—to be sent by a man who was not worth sixpence.

"*Hugh Balfour, New York, to Lady Sylvia Balfour, Central Hotel, Denver: Have got your letter; all is right. Shall reach you Saturday. Please tell von Rosen that, subject to your wishes, I accept proposal with gratitude.*"

"Lady Sylvia," said the lieutenant, with his bronzed face as full of triumph as if he himself had brought about the whole business. "Will you let me cry 'hurrah!'? Bell, shall I cry 'hurrah;'? Madame, do you object?"

And he held up the bit of paper for a signal, as if we were about to shock the calm proprieties of Denver.

"May I see the telegram, Lady Sylvia?" said Mrs. von Rosen, taking no notice of her mad husband.

"Certainly. But please tell me, Mr. von Rosen, what the proposal is. Why do you wish to cry 'hurrah!'?"

"Ah, yes, you may well ask," said the young man, moderating his fervour, "for I was too soon with my gladness. I will have to persuade you before we can cry any hurrahs. What I was thinking of was this—that you and Mr. Balfour would be a whole year with us; and we should have great amusement; and the shooting that I have heard of since yesterday—oh! I cannot tell you of it. But he says it is all subject to your wishes; now I must begin to persuade you to stay away from England for a whole year, and to give us the pleasure of your society. It is a great favour that my wife and myself we both ask of you; for we shall be lonely out here until we get used to the place and know our neighbours; but if you were our neighbours, that would be very pleasant. And I have been very busy to find out about Eagle Creek—oh, no, it is not so bad as you would think; you can have everything from Denver—I do not know about ladies' saddles, but I will ask—and it is the most beautiful and healthy air in the world, Lady Sylvia ——"

"My dear Mr. von Rosen," said Lady Sylvia, interrupting him with a charming smile, "don't seek to persuade me; I was persuaded when I got the message from my husband; for of course I will do whatever he wishes. But if you will let me say so, I don't think this proposal of yours is very wise. It was scarcely fair of you to write to New York and inveigle my husband into it, without letting me know. It is very charming, no doubt; and you are very kind; and I have not the least doubt we shall enjoy ourselves very much; but you must remember that my husband and myself have something else to think of now. We cannot afford to think only of shooting and riding, and pleasant society. Indeed, I took it for granted that my husband had come out to America to find some profession or occupation; and I am rather surprised that he has accepted your proposal. It was too tempting, I suppose; and I know we shall enjoy ourselves very much——"

Husband and wife had been glancing at each other, as if to inquire which should speak first. It was the lieutenant who took the burden on his shoulders; and certainly he was extremely embarrassed when he began. Fortunately, in these western hotels, you are expected to order your dinner all at once; and it is put on the table all at once; and then the waiter retires, unless he happens to be interested in your conversation, when he remains, and looks down on your shoulders. In this case, our coloured brother had moved off a bit.

"Lady Sylvia," said he, "I wish Mr. Balfour had explained to you what the proposal is in a letter; but how could that be? He will be here as soon as any letter. And I am afraid you will think me very impertinent when I tell you."

He looked at her for a second; and then the courage of this man, who had been through the whole of the 1866 and 1870-71 campaigns, and done good service in both, fell away altogether.

"Ah," said he, lightly—but the Germans are not good actors, "it is a little matter. I will leave it to your husband to tell you. Only this I will tell you; that you must not think that your husband will spend the whole year in idleness——"

* *Copyrighted*, 1877.

"It is a mystery, then?" she said, with a smile. "I am not to be allowed to peep into the secret chamber? Or is it a conspiracy of which I am to be the victim? Mrs. von Rosen, you will not allow them to murder me at the ranch?"

Mrs. von Rosen was a trifle embarrassed also; but she showed greater courage than her husband.

"I will tell you what the secret is, Lady Sylvia," she said, "if my husband won't. He is afraid of offending you; but you won't be offended with me. We were thinking, my husband and myself, that Mr. Balfour was coming out to America to engage in some business; and you know this is not always easy to find; and then we were thinking about our own affairs at the same time. You know, dear Lady Sylvia," and here she put her hand gently on her friend's hand, as if to stay that awful person's wrath and resentment—"we run a great risk in leaving all these things, both up at Idaho and out on the plains, to be managed by persons who are strangers to us—I mean, when we go back to England. And it occurred to my husband and myself that if we could get someone whom we could thoroughly trust to stay here and look into the accounts and reports on the spot—well, the truth is, we thought it would be worth while to give such a person an interest in the yearly result rather than any fixed salary. Don't you think so?" she said, rather timidly.

"Oh, yes, certainly," Lady Sylvia replied: she half guessed what was coming.

"And then," said our Bell, cheerfully, as if it was all a joke, "my husband thought he would write to Mr. Balfour telling him that if he liked to try this for a time—just until he could look round and get something better—it would be a great obligation to us; and it would be so pleasant for us to have you out here. That was the proposal, Lady Sylvia. It was only a suggestion. Perhaps you would not care to remain out here, so far away from your home; but in any case I thought you would not be offended."

She was, on the contrary, most deeply and grievously offended, as was natural. Her indignant wrath knew no bounds. Only the sole token of it was two big tears that quietly rolled down her face—despite her endeavours to conceal the fact; and for a second or two she did not speak at all, but kept her head cast down.

"I don't know," said she, at length, in a very low, and rather uncertain voice, "what we have done to deserve so much kindness—from all of you."

"Oh, no, Lady Sylvia," our Bell said, with the utmost eagerness, "you must not look on it as kindness at all—it is only a business proposal; for, of course, we are very anxious to have everything well looked after in our absence—it is of great importance for the sake of the children. And then, you see, Mr. Balfour and yourself would be able to give it a year's trial before deciding whether you would care to remain here; and you would be able to find out whether the climate suited you—and whether there was enough amusement——"

"Dear Mrs. von Rosen," said Lady Sylvia, gently, "you need not try to explain away your kindness. You would never have thought of this but for our sakes——"

"No," she cried, boldly, "but why? Because we should have sold off everything at the end of the year, rather than have so much anxiety in England. But if we can get this great business properly managed, why should we throw it away?"

"You forget that my husband knows nothing about it——"

"He will have a year to learn; and his mere presence here will make all the difference."

"Then is it understood, Lady Sylvia?" the lieutenant said, with all the embarrassment gone away from his face. "You will remain with us for one year anyway?"

"If my husband wishes it, I am very willing," she said, "and very grateful to you."

"Ha!" said the lieutenant, "I can see wonderful things now—waggons, camp-fires, supper-parties; and a glass of wine to drink to the health of our friends away in England. Lady Sylvia, your husband and I will write a book about it—'A Year's Hunting in Colorado and the Rocky Mountains.'"

"I hope my husband will have something else to do," Lady Sylvia said, "unless you mean to shame us altogether."

"But no one can be working always. Ah, my good friends," he said, addressing the remaining two of the party, "you will be sorry when you start to go home to England. You will make a great mistake then. You wish to see the Alleghany mountains in the Indian summer? Oh yes, very good; but you could see that next year; and in the meantime think what splendid fun we shall have——"

"Ask Bell," said Queen T., with a quiet smile, "whether she would rather return with us now, or wait out here to hear of your shooting black-tailed deer and mountain-sheep."

At this point a message was brought in to us; and it was unanimously resolved to ask Bell's business friend to come in and sit down and have a glass of wine with us. Surely there were no secrets about the doings of Five-Ace Jack unfit for us all to hear? We found Mr. T. W. G—— a most worthy and excellent person, whose temper had not at all been soured by his failure to find the philosopher's stone. It is true, there was a certain sadness over the brown and wrinkled face when he described to us how the many processes for separating the gold from the crushed quartz could just about reach paying expenses, and without doing much more; and how some little improvement in one of these processes, that might be stumbled on by accident, would suddenly make the discoverer a millionnaire, the gold-bearing quartz being simply inexhaustible. It was quite clear that Mr. G—— had lost some money in this direction. He was anxious we should go up to Georgetown, when we were at Idaho, to see some mines he had; in fact, he produced sundry little parcels from his pocket, unrolled them, and placed the bits of stone before us with a certain reverent air. Our imagination was not fired.

He had known Colonel Sloane very well; and he spoke most discreetly of him; for was not his niece here in mourning? Nevertheless there was a slight touch of humour in his tone when he told us of one of Bell's mines—the Virgin Agnes—which led one or two of us to suspect that Five-Ace Jack had not quite abandoned his tricks even when his increasing riches rendered them unnecessary. The Virgin Agnes was a gulch mine, somewhere in the bed of the stream that comes rolling down the Clear Creek canyon; and it was originally owned by a company. It used to pay very well. But by-and-by the yield gradually diminished; until it scarcely paid the wages of the men; and, in fact, the mine was not considered worth working further. At this point it was bought by Colonel Sloane; and the strange thing was that almost immediately it began to yield in a surprising manner, and had continued to do so ever since. Mr. G—— congratulated our Bell on being the owner of this mine; and said he would have much pleasure in showing it to her when she went up to Idaho; but he gravely ended his story without dropping any hint as to the reason why the Virgin Agnes had slowly drooped and suddenly revived. Nor did he tell us whether the men employed in that mine were generously allowed by Colonel Sloane to share in his good fortune.

He asked Bell whether she proposed to start for Idaho next day. She looked at her husband.

"Oh, no," said the lieutenant, promptly. "We have a friend arriving here on Saturday. We mean to wait for him."

"Pray don't delay on his account," Lady Sylvia said,

anxiously. "I can very well remain here for him; and come up to you afterwards."

"Oh, we shall have plenty to do in these three or four days—plenty," the lieutenant said. "I must see about the ladies' saddles to-morrow; and I want to buy an extra rifle or two, and a revolver, and a hunting-knife. And then this list of things for the house at Idaho——"

No doubt there was a good deal to be done; only one would have thought that three or four days was pretty fair time in which to prepare for a short trip up the Clear Creek canyon. It was not, however. On the Saturday morning, everyone was most extraordinarily busy, especially as the time approached for the arrival of the train from Cheyenne. Next day all the shops would be shut; and on Monday morning early we started.

"Lady Sylvia," said the lieutenant, with ingenuous earnestness, "I must really go after those saddles again. Tell Mr. Balfour I shall be back to lunch, will you, if you please?"

Indeed, one went away on one mission; and the other on another; until there was no one of the party left in the hotel with Lady Sylvia but Queen T. The latter was in her own room. She rang, and sent a servant to ask her friend to come and see her. She took Lady Sylvia's hand when she entered.

"I am going to ask you to excuse me," said she, with great innocence. "I feel a little tired; I think I will lie down for an hour, until luncheon-time. But you know, dear Lady Sylvia, if there are none of them down-stairs, all you have to do is to get into the omnibus when it calls at the door; and they will drive you to the station; and you will not have long to wait."

The white hand she held was trembling violently. Lady Sylvia said nothing at all; but her eyes were moist; and she silently kissed her friend, and went away.

About an hour thereafter, four of us were seated at a certain small table, all as mute as mice. The women pretended to be very busy with the things before them. No one looked towards the door.

Nay, no one would look up as two figures came into the big saloon, and came walking down towards us.

"Mrs. von Rosen," said the voice of Lady Sylvia, in the gayest of tones, "let me present to you your new agent——"

But her gaiety suddenly broke down. She left him to shake hands with us; and sat down on a chair in the dusky corner; and hid away her face from us, sobbing to herself.

"Ha!" cried the lieutenant, in his stormiest way, for he would have none of this sentiment, "do you know what we have got for you after your long journey? My good friend, there is a beefsteak coming for you; and that—do you know what that is?—that is a bottle of English ale!"

LITERATURE.

MR. GREEN'S ENGLISH HISTORY.

The History of the English People. By John Richard Green, M.A. Volume I. London: Macmillan. 1877.

All Mr. Green's readers must welcome the appearance of his book in a more attractive form than that to which they have been so long accustomed. In fact, it is a most remarkable testimony to Mr. Green's success, as well as to the long-suffering of mankind, that so many readers have been found to struggle with the difficulties that type, paper, and the entire absence of margin previously put in their way. It is also a fact worth noticing that Mr. Green has departed from the custom of historical writers in general, who issue first a Library Edition, and then follow up their first shot upon the learned by a charge upon the masses with a Popular Edition. This fact is characteristic of Mr. Green's method and object. He aimed at writing a 'History of the English People,' for the use of the people themselves; only when encouraged by success does he venture to expand his book into a form more adapted for a serious contribution to our literature. It was impossible not to notice that Mr. Green was originally cramped by the limits which he had set himself, and that especially towards the end of his book he was obliged to content himself with a mere sketch. We shall be glad to see his valuable book assume more complete proportions, and correspond more exactly with the author's intention throughout.

The first part, however, of Mr. Green's History is that which needed least expansion, and the volume before us contains less new matter than the succeeding ones are likely to do. It reaches as far as the end of the Wars of the Roses, and the additions seem to make up about eighty pages in the new volume. The new portions consist mainly in amplifying constitutional points, on which Professor Stubbs' 'Constitutional History' has thrown a flood of new light since the appearance of Mr. Green's book. The development of English institutions in early times, and their growth under the Norman and Angevin kings are now traced in greater detail and with a firmer hand. But Mr. Green has not merely followed Professor Stubbs in his account of the growth of English towns (pp. 206–228); he has given colouring and life by his own studies of the early history of the town of Oxford, and in dealing with the Peasants' Revolt he has brought home the state of society by vivid pictures of the fortunes of the rising at Bury St. Edmund's. It is interesting to notice the skill which Mr. Green shows in seizing and popularising the leading ideas which Professor Stubbs cautiously developes. The following passage, for instance, about the moot of the Angles and Saxons contains the pith of much that Professor Stubbs' learning has established:

> It is with a reverence such as is stirred by the sight of the head-waters of some mighty river that one looks back to those village-moots of Friesland or Sleswick. It was here that England learned to be a "mother of Parliaments." It was in these tiny knots of farmers that the men from whom Englishmen were to spring learned the worth of public opinion, of public discussion, the worth of the agreement, the "common sense," the general conviction to which discussion leads, as of the laws which derive their force from being expressions of that general conviction. . . . The "talk" of the village-moot, the strife and judgment of men giving freely their own rede and setting it as freely aside for what they learn to be the wiser rede of other men is the groundwork of English history.

It is not only in the addition of new matter that this edition differs from the former one. The whole book is rearranged, its plan is made more systematic, the narrative is more continuous, the style is chastened, errors are corrected, many of Mr. Green's peculiarities in the division of his subject have been abandoned, and the whole book wears a greater aspect of sobriety and maturity both of thought and style. Though we admit this improvement in style with thankfulness we would still have been glad of more staidness of expression. It makes us feel uneasy as we read of such incessant excitement and emotion as Mr. Green's characters always indulge in. They do not talk nor walk like ordinary folk, but behave like heroes of melodrama on the stage. They "cry," "shout," "exclaim passionately," "hurry," "fling themselves," and so on. The highest point of melodrama is reached in the description of Henry I.'s behaviour on hearing the news of his son's loss in the *White Ship*—"he fell senseless to the ground, and rose never to smile again." Sometimes Mr. Green's desire for pictorial effect perplexes us with a doubt whether he has a meaning or not in some of his phrases. Thus, speaking of the destruction of Roman buildings by the English after their conquest, he says, "the home of the ceorl rose beside the heap of *goblin-haunted* stones that marked the site of the villa he had burned." Is the epithet "goblin-haunted" merely ornamental, or does it mean that the ceorl believed heaps of stones to be always haunted by goblins? If so, and if he objected to goblins, why did he not build his home farther off?

In many passages Mr. Green strives too much after

effect, and tries to make a point where there is no point to be made. A comparison of Alfred with Shakespeare does not seem to us very happy. "Scholar and soldier," says Mr. Green, "artist and man of business, poet and saint, his character kept that perfect balance which charms us in no Englishman save Shakespeare." We know that many claims have been made for Shakespeare, but we did not know before that he had been claimed either as a soldier or a saint. The birth of William the Conqueror is alluded to in a manner which reminds us strongly of the late Lord Lytton's novels. "His father Robert had seen Arlotta, a tanner's daughter of the town, as she washed her linen in a little brook by Falaise, *and loving her, he had made her the mother of his boy.*" Again we regret that Mr. Green's political opinions about passing events sometimes lead him to adopt the tone of a pamphleteer. Speaking of Innocent III.'s protection of King John, he says:—"The thunders of the Papacy were to be ever at hand for his protection, as the armies of England are at hand to protect the vileness and oppression of a Turkish Sultan or a Nizam of Hyderabad." Surely the sneer here indulged in is entirely at variance with the whole tone of Mr. Green's book. If the outcome of the history of the English people has only been to make it a protector of vileness and oppression, the whole of Mr. Green's enthusiasm for his subject is untrue, and unworthy of himself.

We have noticed these small points because Mr. Green's book has won for itself already a reputation which it well deserves, and so merits an attentive consideration of points of detail. Mr. Green has done a work which probably no one but himself could have done. He has read and assimilated the results of all the labours of students during the last half-century in the field of English history, and has given them a fresh meaning by his own independent study. He has fused together by the force of sympathetic imagination all that he has so collected, and has given us a vivid and forcible sketch of the march of English history. His book, both in its aims and in its accomplishment, rises far beyond any of a similar kind, and it will give the colouring to the popular view of English history for some time to come. It is so good that we cannot but regret that it is not a little better. If it had added to its merits of forcible and pictorial writing the artistic quality of reserve, it might have won its way to being reckoned as one of the English classics. If it had added to its power of imaginative arrangement a philosophic conception of historical progress, it might have exercised a more lasting influence on popular thought. As it is, the pictorial element overmasters the philosophic. A series of vivid scenes pass before our eyes, but the great landmarks of national progress tend to be forgotten, and the great lessons of English history are not driven home with decision. We must confess to a feeling of disappointment that in these points Mr. Green's more mature reflection has not led him to advance so far as we had hoped.

AN ANGLO-INDIAN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

The Story of My Life. By the late Colonel Meadows Taylor. Edited by his Daughter. In Two Volumes. London: William Blackwood and Sons.

It may be said of Meadows Taylor that he possessed the qualities of greatness, but not the opportunity for achieving it. Greatness, indeed, as the world understands it, implies something more than intrinsic nobility; an imposing stage, or environment, an indefinable element of "bigness." Tom Brown charging in the Light Brigade is somehow thought a grander figure than Tom Brown defying choke-damp to rescue a brother miner from his "living tomb," as the reporters put it; yet the latter may be essentially the more heroic action of the two. The hero of this story had no big stage to play upon, no audience to applaud him—at least, none such as would be considered respectable in England, for it only consisted of a million or two nude semi-barbarians, with a liberal sprinkling of liars, cheats, dacoits, thugs, rebellious scoundrels of every description. Though, however, the accessories might have been more striking, the performance could not have been more skilful. In its own kind and sphere no work more thorough and intelligent has ever been accomplished, even in that land of administrative triumphs. But for certain accidents of position, the rare gifts and powers which Meadows Taylor displayed in Shorapoor and the Berars might have won for him a place in the very front rank of Anglo-Indian rulers. Unfortunately, he was only an "uncovenanted" officer in the Company's service, and therefore ineligible for promotion to the highest grades. Even a strong despot like Lord Dalhousie dared not cut the knot of the Company's red-tape on behalf of a subordinate for whom he entertained a genuine admiration.

Nevertheless, it may excite one's surprise that Meadows Taylor attained such remarkable success under conditions so unfavourable. One cannot help thinking that he began his Indian career either too late or too soon. Twenty years ago he perhaps would have started as a Bengal civilian at the top of the list of competition-wallahs, and on the high-road to the rule of a great province. But there was scarcely room for gentlemen "adventurers," when, in 1824, he landed at Bombay in that capacity, and as a boy of sixteen. Even though Nagpore, Oudh, Scinde, and the Punjab, were yet unannexed, the opportunities for great exploits of the earlier type had well-nigh vanished. But a youth full of the wonder and beauty of the land on which he had been thrown adrift—full, too, of the spirit that had animated the founders of the Indian Empire—and forced thus early to rely upon his own resources, could hardly have missed distinction of some kind. And so we find that young Taylor's progress during the first years of his residence in central India was as rapid as it was romantic. At sixteen, selling pomatum and tooth-brushes in Baxter's shop, Bombay; at seventeen, interpreter on courts-martial, and "recommended," in the words of Mr. Reeve's preface, "for much higher duty by the Resident" at Hyderabad; at eighteen, chief representative of law and order in an unruly district, with a population of a million! And to complete the contrast, let us add, at fifteen, "assistant dunner," message boy, and factotum to Messrs. Yates Brothers and Co., West India merchants, Liverpool. His school-days do not appear to have been particularly happy. The only bright incident in them, so far as we can discover, was his conquest, after many a sharp lesson in the "science" of self-defence, over the school bully. And the only satisfactory notice which we have of Mr. Taylor senior is that of the moral support which he tendered to his boy in the course of preparation for the decisive struggle:—

> "You have been fighting again, sir," said my father, severely.
> "Yes, sir, with J——," I replied.
> "Did you lick him?"
> "I did, father, though he had buttons on his jacket."
> "Bravo, my boy; here's half-a-crown for you. Go off and treat your brothers, and J—— too, if you like."
> And so I did.

The child is the father of the man: and in the after-time this magnanimous English trick of "treating J——" by way of sequel to a deserved "licking," had its humanising, ennobling influence on many a wild Beydur and refractory rebel. Mr. Taylor senior seems to have done little or nothing for his clever, bright boy beyond impressing him with the duty of thrashing the bully with the buttons. Taking the story as it stands, the apprenticeship to the Bombay merchant looks sadly like a piece of parental carelessness. Baxter, the merchant in question, seems to have been a loud, swaggering creature, with a vulgar craze for passing as a wealthy "nabob" among his friends in England. But in the course of the five months' voyage *vid* the Cape, his fellow-passengers—among whom young Meadows had become a great favourite—enlightened him on the subject of Nabob Baxter and his ways, so that he was, to some extent, prepared for the shock of the discovery that the grand mercantile establishment was only a shop in its decline and fall; that the nabob's Bombay

representatives knew nothing (they never did come to know!) about the appointment; and that he was dependent for food, shelter, and raiment on the benevolence of a shop assistant—himself by no means a Crœsus. But whatever dreary misery he may have felt, he took care not to divulge it in his letters home—he consumed his own smoke. He owed his release from this unpleasant position to a relative in the Bombay Civil Service, who used his influence in his behalf with the English Resident at the Court of the Nizam. None were more delighted than his fellow-passengers and Bombay customers, when, after two years, they saw "Baxter's boy" transformed into a "Superintendent Sahib."

It would be impossible to give in this place anything like an adequate account of his services in Shorapoor and Berar, and we can only counsel the reader to study the story for himself, telling him that nowhere will he find a better representation, in miniature, of the methods by which the English have won their lordship over India. Taylor's descriptions of native life and character are vividly drawn—as only a man could draw them who with keen insight and power of execution conjoined a great love of the people. Anglo-Indian literature perhaps contains no more interesting and pathetic passage of the sort than that in which our autobiographer describes the training and the promise, the early manhood and the crime, of the Shorapoor rajah, and the passionate grief and remorse of the rebel chief, when, after the suppression of the Mutiny, he found himself face to face with the "Taylor Sahib" who had nursed him when a child. Nor are there many tales of Indian official life as curious and interesting as that in which Colonel Taylor narrates his difficulties and successes, among the plots and counterplots, the rebellions, the treacheries, of the Shorapoor State, and especially with the unscrupulous regent, who would lie dead drunk one half of the week, and brew mischief during the sober half. He was truly the father of his people. There is scarcely a reform of the modern Indian type which he did not introduce among them, and teach them to appreciate. It was from him that those brave, truthful, and, for the most part, noble, semi-savages, the Beydurs of the hills, learned the game of leap-frog—Taylor's own back being often the broadest and stiffest in a row of a hundred! The incidents of the end of Taylor's career were worthy of its character and course; and few tales are more beautiful and affecting than that of his farewell to the people among whom he toiled for so many years, and who had learned to regard him with feelings of veneration. "We have no one now to care for us; but our women will sing of you as they grind the corn in the morning, and will light their lamps in your name at night." Such was the burden of the farewell of the many thousands who escorted the Resident along his slow route through the State; and those who know anything, at first hand, of the native character, and have read the lives of men like Raymond in the Deccan, and Nicholson and Dixon in Northern India and Rajpootana, will say that the simple, affectionate people meant what they said, and that many a year will pass away before his native epithet, "Mahadeo Baba" (Son of Siva), ceases to be heard in the villages of Shorapoor. In spite of its details of personal successes, demonstrations of welcome, farewell, and the like, the autobiography is more remarkable for reticence than for self-assertion. Its "egotism," or rather egoism, is merely that of a candid, ingenuous, straightforward, modest, and manly nature. The following little incident lays open much of our autobiographer's character. It was shortly after the death of his wife, and the Beydurs, guilty of another outbreak, came to offer their submission. "I told them I had now no tie to bind me to Shorapoor, except my wish to serve their young Rajah, and to do my duty to those who had sent me there, and that it was very hard to bear all this anxiety and my own sorrow too. Relieve me of that, I cried, and you take a heavy load from me. .. .. .. They crowded round me, placing their hands on my feet and neck, and earnestly exclaiming they would never vex her spirit by causing me pain or anxiety." In conclusion, any youth ambitious of sharing some day in the noble task of governing India could hardly select a better book, for guidance, encouragement, and inspiration, than this story of the life of a most able, versatile, faithful, and brave and good man. Acknowledgments are also due for the manner in which Miss Taylor, in her capacity of editor, has acquitted herself of her debt of piety.

DARWIN ON FLOWERS.

The Different Forms of Flowers on Plants of the Same Species. By Charles Darwin, M.A., F.R.S. With Illustrations. London: John Murray. 1877.

It was only last year that Mr. Darwin produced his work on 'Cross Fertilisation' of plants, and a new edition of his charming work on the 'Fertilisation of Orchids,' which, as we remarked in reviewing it, was practically a new book on the subject, and now we have before us the present work. True it is that Mr. Darwin has great help in the collection of his materials, not only from the whole scientific world, but also of late years from his son, Mr. Francis Darwin, who, we believe, undertakes many experiments and observations under his father's direction; but still all the material has to be sifted and arranged, and deductions made from it, before pen can be put to paper, and then the book has to be written. Mr. Darwin's style is well known; he seldom spares a line for simile or any other ornament, but writes in close short sentences, every one of which contains some fact or some deduction from facts; indeed, to quote what Professor Huxley—perhaps the ablest and most sympathetic critic of Mr. Darwin's work—wrote years ago, in discussing the criticism on the 'Origin of Species,' his work is a sort of "intellectual pemmican." Anyone who will think of the labour and time necessary for producing such work will, we feel sure, sympathise with the feeling of wonder and awe with which we look at the list of Mr. Darwin's books. He has produced no less than fifteen important books—'On the Origin of Species,' 'The Descent of Man,' 'The Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication,' 'The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals,' 'The Fertilisation of Orchids,' 'Insectivorous Plants,' 'The Movements and Habits of Climbing Plants,' 'The Effects of Cross and Self Fertilisation in the Vegetable Kingdom,' 'The Different Forms of Flowers on Plants of the Same Species,' 'A Naturalist's Voyage Round the World,' 'On the Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs,' 'Geological Observations on the Volcanic Islands and Parts of South America,' 'A Monograph of the Cirripedia,' 'A Monograph of the Fossil Lepadidæ of Great Britain,' 'A Monograph of the Fossil Balanidæ and Verrucidæ of Great Britain.' It really seems as if it would be the work of an ordinary lifetime to write out the contents of these volumes from dictation, and the work of several other lifetimes to collect the material for them.

In the work under notice, and indeed in all the works on the sexual relations of plants, the fertility of the offspring of plants fertilised in different ways has to be tested, and, therefore, the experiments have often to extend over several years. However, this enormous mass of work has been done by Mr. Darwin, and we have the privilege of enjoying the results of his labour. How much will hereafter be obtained by the consideration of the results of his later work, we can hardly as yet say. They have advanced our knowledge of vegetable physiology enormously, and thrown great light on the important questions of variation, hybridism, and relative fertility—questions of the highest importance, not only in relation to Mr. Darwin's theories of natural and sexual selection, but also in relation to evolution generally. And here we may observe that opponents of all theories of evolution are very fond of trying to embarrass defenders of such theories by selecting some very complex and perfect

piece of organic machinery, and asking the evolutionist, "How he accounts for that by his theory." We trust that the consideration of the fact that perhaps the most profound investigation of such complex and perfect machinery, in vegetable organisms at least, have been undertaken by Mr. Darwin, the greatest upholder of evolution that has ever lived, and the promulgator of the first theory of evolution which was deserving of serious consideration, may show such people that the leaders of scientific thought, who, for the most part, accept evolution in some form or other, and generally follow Mr. Darwin's theories more or less, are not absolutely ignorant of the anatomy and physiology of living organisms, and that evolution is not the wild, foggy, metaphysical dream of the "closet naturalist," but is the theory put forward and supported by men who are not only learned, but who are also good "field naturalists," and who know not only bones, skins, and dry plants, but who are acquainted with the habits, distribution, and general economy of animals and plants during life.

We have spoken of Mr. Darwin as the promulgator of the first theory of evolution which was deserving of serious consideration, but we must not be understood thereby to detract, or wish to detract, from the merits of Mr. Wallace, who promulgated the same views independently of, and almost simultaneously with, Mr. Darwin. It is perhaps to be regretted that Mr. Darwin's second title of his work has fallen into disuse. 'Natural Selection' conveys but little to non-scientific people who have not read 'The Origin of Species'—who, by the way, form the bulk of the persons who make the life of an evolutionist a burden to him in general society—but "the preservation of favoured races in the struggle for life" is a phrase which conveys a good deal, even to a non-scientific mind. In reading all this author's works, persons who are not familiar with his style are apt to be led away and confused by his habit of speaking of "Nature," "provisions of Nature," &c. It may be well to remind such persons that in 'The Origin of Species' he explains that this personification of Nature is with him only a conventional symbol, and says, "it is difficult to avoid personifying the word 'Nature,' but I mean by Nature only the aggregate action and product of many natural laws, and by laws the sequence of events as ascertained by us."

In the work before us, Mr. Darwin examines the sexual relations of those species of plants which produce flowers of different forms. These may be divided into two groups—the *heterostyled* and the *cleistogamic*. The result of this examination goes to show, even more strongly than the author's previous work, the importance to plants of cross fertilisation, all these differences of form being (always in the sense explained above) devices of Nature for ensuring—in the case of the first group continual, and in that of the second frequent—cross fertilisation. Heterostyled plants are such as produce flowers having pistils of different lengths in different forms. No form is provided with anthers of the same length as its own pistil, but bears anthers of the same length as the pistils of some other forms, the result being that when an insect gets dusted with the pollen of any one form of flower, it cannot put this on the pistil either of that flower or of any other flower of the same form, but only fertilise a form of which the pistil corresponds in length to the anther whence it has got the pollen. Mr. Darwin finds, as the result of his experiments, that very often such plants are quite sterile when fertilised with pollen from their own form, even though the pollen be taken from a different individual; also that such a flower is only fully fertile when fertilised by pollen from an anther corresponding to its style in length. He also discovered the curious fact that in all cases the sterility of a plant increases with the difference in length between its style and the fertilising anther. Cleistogamic plants are those which bear closed flowers. These can obviously only reproduce by self fertilisation; but also in their case there is great economy of pollen, and most of their anthers are accordingly aborted; but as continual self fertilisation is always injurious, plants bearing these closed flowers almost always bear others adapted for cross fertilisation, so that the vigour of the race can be from time to time restored by a few individuals, the offspring of cross fertilised parents.

The labour and time spent in these experiments has been very great. Many of the heterostyled plants producing three different forms of flowers, it is often necessary to effect no less than eighteen distinct unions, and that many times over, before the problems could be solved for one species. For the details of the experiments, and the tabulation of their results, the book itself must be consulted, as they are only of interest to men of science who are interested in the subject of vegetable reprodnction. One fact which appears in this work may be noticed as not being generally known, except amongst botanists, and that is that the common oxlip is a hybrid between the cowslip (*Primula veris*) and the primrose (*Primula vulgaris*).

This work is a most valuable addition to the literature of vegetable physiology, and is well worthy of its great author, whose untiring energy will enable him we hope before long to add yet another book to the long series which he has produced.

YOUNG MUSGRAVE.

Young Musgrave. By Mrs. Oliphant. London: Macmillan and Co.

The rapid succession in which Mrs. Oliphant produces her novels is very remarkable; still more remarkable is it that all her novels are good. Each, indeed, is so strongly impressed with the stamp of real excellence, that the idea unavoidably arises that if Mrs. Oliphant wrote less, if she were content to devote to one novel the period in which she generally produces three, she could create some really remarkable book. Such speculations are, however, as a rule, idle. What people can do, they do; and if Mrs. Oliphant chooses to spend her talent in the manufacture of a multiplicity of works, it is doubtless because she knows that this is what she can do best, that thus the artistic force she possesses is expended to the best purpose. And as we have said that Mrs. Oliphant's novels are always good, that is, well conceived, well told, and well written, it is hardly fair to grumble because they are not better still. Only genius of the highest order could afford to pour out incessant work without great loss in one way or another; not even genius of the highest order is often able to do so. It speaks well for Mrs. Oliphant that she never allows her work to bear the impress of hurry or incompleteness; all is well and carefully done from first to last, and 'Young Musgrave' is no exception to the rule.

When the story opens we are introduced to old Squire Musgrave, seventy years old, and his daughter Mary, an unmarried woman of forty, living together in Penninghame Castle. Their life, we soon learn, is saddened, for the eldest son, John Musgrave, or young Musgrave, as he used to be called, has fled over the seas under suspicion of a murder of a rival in love, Lord Stanton; while the younger son, Randolph, who has become a clergyman, rarely comes near his father and sister. The old man has devoted himself to county histories, to heraldry, and to *Notes and Queries*, and is happy in his quiet way; the daughter manages the estates, looks after the father, and is happy too—quietly happy. "She has not married; why has she not married—that once admired of all admirers?" This no one knows, but father and daughter pass their days peacefully enough, till, one day, an event changes greatly the current of their lives. From abroad, John Musgrave, who has been so long unheard of, sends his two children—a girl and a boy—to his sister Mary. Their mother has died, and he begs her to care for them. She receives them, and tells her father, but he is obdurate, and will not see them; though he suffers her to keep them in the house, he never speaks of them, never sees them, never recognises their existence in any way. But they make Mary very happy. Lilias, the girl,

is twelve years old; Nello, the boy, is much younger; each is devoted to the other, and both are charmingly drawn. From this point the plot begins to thicken. A mysterious old gipsy woman meets Lilias, and asks after her mother, bursts into tears on learning that she is dead, and implores Lilias to address her as granny. This old woman, we need scarcely say, is the mother of John Musgrave's wife. Then young Lord Stanton, Geoffrey, who has succeeded to the title of the murdered relative, meets Lilias, and, in spite of the youth of both, they become, to say the least of it, "strongly impressed" by each other. To complicate matters, Randolph, the younger son of the Musgraves, comes to induce the old Squire to settle about the property in the case of the Squire's death, and acts the part of a mean, selfish plotter, until, just towards the end of the book, John Musgrave comes back. It is proved that not he but a mysterious mad gipsy man killed Lord Stanton, and all ends happily, with, of course, an engagement between Lilias and Geoffrey.

In this brief sketch of the complicated plot of 'Young Musgrave,' we have not been able to enumerate anything like all the incidents or all the characters it contains. But almost all are good, and worthy of notice. The various characters in the Stanton family are well drawn, and the minor figures in the book are not made to suffer for the care bestowed on those more important. Mr. Pennington, the mild, kindly, clergyman, who almost worships Mary Musgrave, is an admirable study, and his well-meaning, foolish, fussy wife is equally good. One of the great charms of Mrs. Oliphant's writing, however, is in her sympathetic style, and her ready powers of description. All the part that deals with Musgrave's children is admirably done, and the meeting between them when Nello runs away from the school to which, through the machinations of his uncle Randolph, he has been sent, is one of the prettiest passages we have had the good fortune to meet with for some time. Two quotations we must make, which will serve to show Mrs. Oliphant's appreciation of different moods of mind in different persons. The first is after Lilias first meets Geoff:—

A small, passive, embodied happiness went roaming along the rough, woodland path, with soft-glowing abstracted eyes that saw everything, yet nothing; with a little abstracted soul, all freshness and gladness, that took note of everything, yet nothing; a little pilgrim among life's mysteries and wonders, herself the greatest wonder of all, throbbing with a soft consciousness, yet knowing nothing. Thus she went pacing on under the bare trees, and murmured her inarticulate chant, and kept time to it, a poet in being, though not in thought. Not far off the lake splashed softly upon the stones of the beach, and that north country air, which is vocal as the winds of the south, sounded a whole mystery of tones and semi-tones, deep through the fir-trees, shrill through the beeches, low and soft over the copse; and the brook, half-hidden in the overgreenness of the grass, added its tinkle: all surrounding the little figure which gave the central point of conscious intelligence to the landscape; but were all quite unnecessary to Lilias marching along in her dream to her own music, a something higher than they, a thing full of other and deeper suggestions, the wonder of the world.

The second is where the old Squire is reflecting after Randolph has urged him to arrange affairs preparatory to the event of his death:—

He went thus through the broken woodland towards the east, and strolled into the Chase like a man taking a walk for pleasure. The birds sang overhead, little rabbits popped out from the great tree-trunks, and a squirrel ran up one of them and across a long branch, where it sat peering at him. All was familiar, certain, well known; he had seen the same sights and heard the same sounds for the last seventy years; and the sunshine shone with the same calm assurance of shining as at other times, and all this rustling, breathing life went on as it had always gone on. There was scarcely a leaf, scarcely a moss-covered stone, that did not hide or shelter something living. The air was full of life; sounds of all kinds, twitter and hum and rustle, his own step among other movements, his own shadow moving across the sunshine. And he felt well enough, not running over with health and vigour as he had sometimes felt long ago, not disposed to vault over walls and gates in that unlicensed exuberance which belongs to youth only, but well enough—quite well, in short; steady afoot, his breathing easy, his head clear, everything about him comfortable. Notwithstanding which, his children were discussing, as in reference to a quite near and probable event, what was to be done when he should die! The Squire smiled at the thought, but it was a smile which got fixed and painful on his lip, and was not spontaneous or agreeable. The amusement to be got from such an idea is not of a genial kind. He was over seventy, and he knew, who better? that threescore and ten has been set down as the limit of mortal life. No doubt he must die—every man must die. It was a thing before him not to be eluded; the darkness, indeed, was very near, according to all ordinary law; but the Squire did not feel it, was not in his soul convinced of it. He believed it, of course; all other men of his age die, and in their case the precautions of the family are prudent and natural; in his own case it is true he did not feel the necessity; but yet no doubt it must be so. He kept smiling to himself; so living as he was, and everything round, it was an odd sort of discord to think of dying. He felt a kind of blank before him, a sense of being shut in. So one feels when one walks along a bit of road surrounded with walls, a *cul de sac* from which there is no outlet. A sense of imprisonment is in it, of discouragement, too little air to breathe, too little space to move in—certainly a disagreeable, stifling, choking sensation. Involuntarily a sigh came from his breast; and yet he smiled persistently, feeling in himself a kind of defiance to all the world, a determination to be amused at it all, notwithstanding the sentence they were passing against him.

We take leave of Mrs. Oliphant's novel with a feeling that no one who reads it will regret wasted time, but remember rather many pleasant minutes spent over its pages. There is nothing clap-trap or sensational about Mrs. Oliphant's novels; they are of sterling quality and worthy execution.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

North Italian Folk. Sketches of Town and Country Life. By Mrs. Comyns Carr. Illustrated by R. Caldecott. (Chatto and Windus.)—We need not say anything in favour of Mrs. Carr's sketches, as the majority of them appeared in the *Examiner*. Mrs. Carr spent her youth among the people she describes, and her descriptions have all the charm of loving recollections; but that her memories are truthful as well as tender is attested by Mr. Caldecott's pictorial illustrations, executed recently on the spot. One could not wish for a more complete picture of the life of a simple picturesque people, who have passed their quiet days unchanged amidst the fierce political revolutions of their country. Mr. Caldecott has entered thoroughly into the spirit of Mrs. Carr's sketches, corroborating them on every side, as regards both the character of the humble folk and the beauty and simplicity of their lives. He has spared no pains over his part of the work. The illustrations are numerous, and not one of them is a failure. For minute and conscientious work we may note the group of onlookers at the Procession of Palms, in which every face is a study of character; or the incident of the saucy peasant girl chaffing Il Signor Cappellano, or the Swain of the Village bargaining with an old farmer for some cattle, from which we learn at a glance so much of the ways of the easy-going mirthful country folk. The grace of figure, of which Mrs. Carr gives us so lively an idea in her writing, may be seen in any of Mr. Caldecott's illustrations; but if we wish to see it at its highest, we find it in his group of five girls gossiping and telling tales and wonders—a study worthy of Mr. Albert Moore.

The Captain's Cabin. A Christmas Yarn. By Edward Jenkins, M.P. (W. Mullan and Sons.)—This is an admirable Christmas story, bright and breezy in its descriptions, full of incident, absorbing in plot, just the mixture of sensational and humorous which, for some reason or other, perhaps the individuality of Charles Dickens, we associate with this time of the year. The scene is laid in an Atlantic steamer, the *Kamschatkan*, the passengers on board which are much more intimately connected with one another than they were aware of when they started. In this confined space, occasions inevitably arise for bringing all these unsuspected relationships to light, and carrying them on to new developments, some of which are thrillingly tragic, some boisterously comic. Mr. Jenkins shows a constructive skill of which he has already given ample proof in carrying on his double plot without confusion, and bringing everything to a happy and natural ending.

Stories from Homer. By the Rev. Alfred J. Church. (Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.)—Homer seems to be greatly growing in popularity, which will leave his suc-

cess in the days when Mr. Pope translated him, far behind. Much of this is due to the late Lord Derby, much to Mr. Gladstone, and much, of course, to Dr. Schliemann. Everything that tends to increase the general knowledge of Homer must be made welcome; and therefore the Rev. Alfred Church deserves praise for once again telling the tale of Troy, and telling it in a very pleasant manner, that will doubtless prove highly attractive to young readers. Several of Flaxman's magnificent designs accompany the volume. These are coloured, an idea that may at first seem surprising; but as they are coloured according to the principles of Etruscan vase-painting, the result is, on the whole, happy, and decidedly decorative.

Examples of Contemporary Art. Etchings from Representative Works by Living English and Foreign Artists. Edited, with Critical Notes, by J. Comyns Carr. (Chatto and Windus.)—This collection of etchings of the principal pictures in last season's exhibitions of the Grosvenor Gallery, the Royal Academy, and the French Salon, forms one of the most sumptuous of Christmas gift-books. We do not think we ever saw a more beautiful volume, and the contents are, as is not always the case in Christmas books, fully worthy of the gorgeous casket.

Pixie's Adventures. By N. D'Anvers. (C. Kegan Paul.)—If Mr. Paul had paid a thousand guineas for the copyright of this book, instead of a thousand marrow-bones, in weekly instalments of a dozen at a time, it would not have been too much, if only an Act of Parliament could be passed to enforce its purchase by all parents and guardians of youth. Pixie's psychological development is depicted by master hands, both textually and pictorially. The cuts, by Mr. R. H. Moore—"I Leave My Mother," "I am Pelted with Stones," "In My Prison," "I Tap the Chicken"—tell their own tale, so graphically is the working of the canine mind expressed. In the next edition, however, Bruno must read his proofs more carefully, and not let "week peepers" escape his paw. Pixie, too, must keep up his character, and not affect ignorance of the white and black stuff which, he "thinks," was called cinders and ashes. Of course he knew what cinders and ashes were, as well as he knew what a carpet or a basket was, and he must not expose himself to the suspicion of the juveniles that, after all, he is only a common two-legged creature. No more need be said to so philosophical a dog as Pixie proves himself to be in his reflections when Bob comforts Frank for the death of his blackbird by saying that they'll get another one to-morrow. On this, Pixie observes:—"Frank laughed, but he seemed comforted; and I had a sort of queer feeling that if anything happened to *me*, Pixie—I mean if I were killed—that it wouldn't be much good to me for another Pixie to be 'got to-morrow.'" Pixie's feelings here must excuse his grammar. His heart ran away with his head. We are sorry to hear he is dull in his present abode, and would suggest to him that he should induce puss to write her memoirs and read them to him after dark, when he cannot go out like the "more fortunate dogs who do not go home all night."

The *Christmas Number of the Graphic* (*Graphic* Office) might this year be called the "Conflict of the Times," from an artistic as well as from a literary point of view. Besides the customary presentation plate, it offers nine full-page illustrations in chromotype, in which the barbarous reds and yellows of "the Homeric Ages" are perpetuated in the "Calico Ball at Groby Castle;" and a distinct attempt is made, in "Lady Mildred and her Lover" and the "Caricature," to attain Burne Jones's æsthetic chastity of art in the colouring of the cornice on the bannisters and Lilian's little frock, with its gruselous green, representing the loves of blue and yellow in their throes towards the perfection of unity. In Julian Hawthorne's fanciful but sorrowful story of Eros and Psyche, and their friend "Mort," we have the very antithesis of the course of Nature, as represented by Professor Tyndall's bacteria. Most people will prefer Hawthorne's view of life and death to Professor Tyndall's, according to which death is nothing but the intensified multiplication of life by several million times. Mrs. Oliphant's "Barley Mow" is in her best style; Mr. Locker's "Animated Portrait" an extravaganza to be read but not judged; whilst in "Blisson's Last Round" Mr. Speight supplies the weird element Christmas is not perfect without.

London Society (Sampson Low) brings a madrigal by Ashby Sterry, playing upon as many rhymes as "Dolly" permits, and several stories without the authors' names; but, to make up for this omission, with those of the artists. Their work is well done, Mr. D. H. Friston's "A Terrible Struggle" being the best. The brightest story is "The Highwayman Outwitted."

The Christmas number of *St. Nicholas*, Scribner's magazine for boys and girls (Sampson Low), does not present the parti-coloured appearance of its contemporaries on this side of the ocean, but both engravings and text are of such excellent quality that, if the generality of juvenile books in this country could be supplanted by it, the next generation would do much towards removing the charge of bad taste in matters of art which is so justly brought against the masses of the English people. We find in *St. Nicholas* contributions from the most renowned pens—from Longfellow, Bryant, Carroll, Alcott, and Winthrop, illustrated with a delicacy and richness of colour rarely to be met with in any children's book here, and never in any of the children's magazines. The sketch and portrait of Miss Alcott are especially interesting. Characteristic of the country is the story of the boy who would run and jump up behind—not on cabs and carriages as in these slow-coach times in England—but on trains. The influence of the German element in the cultivation of the masses is strongly exemplified in this magazine, and furnishes much food for reflection.

Beeton's Christmas Annual. (Ward, Lock, and Tyler.)—'Beeton's Christmas Annual' shines out by right of Max Adeler's story, "Very Much Married." It is exceedingly amusing, in a quieter way than is common with most American humourists, and is well worthy of the author of "Out of the Hurly-Burly" and "Elbow-Room." The description of Salt Lake City, with which it begins, is really excellent—one of the few descriptions which would give any true idea of the Mormon city to anyone who had never seen it. The story itself is a most amusing absurdity, about the complications attendant on two men, each rivals for the hand, or rather hands, of a whole boarding-school. Those who appreciate Max Adeler cannot do better than plunge into this story at once. Among the other merits of the 'Annual' are a series of amusing "interviews" by Burnand, and some papers by Mark Twain, of whom, however, there is a little too much.

Sylvia's Annual. (Ward, Lock, and Tyler.)—'Sylvia's Annual' contains a great deal of matter appropriate to Christmas time, including a lengthy story that would make a fair one-volume novel, and various papers, &c. The palm of merit must be awarded to a very graceful little poem, by F. C. Broughton, "Le Marquis Mayonnaise," which is full of the delicate charm of refined *vers de société*. It is the story of two Watteau-like lovers—

> In the time of Louis Seize,
> And of Marie Antoinette,
> He was Marquis Mayonnaise,
> She la Comtesse Colinette.

They "play with love" for a season, after the affected pastoral fashion of the time, whose tone and spirit is delightfully caught by Mr. Broughton, and lightly part. Mayonnaise ends his life on *la Sainte Guillotine*, and this is his epitaph:—

> Perfect in the courtier's art,
> An expert in lying,
> He, though quite without a heart,
> Knew the art of dying.

It is just a little too long for its subject. A little curtailment would make it one of the daintiest idyls of the time so dear to *vers de société* poets—witness Philoxene Boyer's "La Marquise Aurore" and some of Austin Dobson's most delightful poems.

The Gentleman's Annual. (Chatto and Windus.)—Two of the three stories in this publication, Mr. Francillon's and Mr. Julian Hawthorne's, are not of the typical Christmas kind, but they are excellent specimens of literary workmanship, and may be read with pleasure at any season. The sound of the file makes itself heard a little too obtrusively in "Old Father Time," and there is some disproportion between the elaborate beginning and the hurried ending, but there are many touches of exquisite pathos in the course of the tale, and Mr. Francillon shows his usual power in building up the ideal character of the enthusiastic watchmaker. Mr. Hawthorne's "Pearl-shell Necklace" is full of grace and refinement.

The Hornet Annual. (*Hornet* Office.)—This is one of the brightest of this year's crop of annuals. The various articles are short and entertaining. Mr. Clement Scott shows a particularly light and graceful touch in his meditations upon youth and mature age in theatres. Mr. Byron's romance of Gwendoline Gibson is an exciting tale, with a strong *dénouement*. Mr. Parnell's account of his visit to Holland, in company with a friend who knew the language, is an excellent illustration of the folly of learning strange tongues.

THE MAGAZINES.

Dr. Hack Tuke contributes to *Macmillan's* an intensely interesting paper on the subject of the relations of insanity to modern life. The paper is most interesting, and yet, although Dr. Tuke probably knows the facts of the case more intimately than any other living authority, his conclusions do not go much beyond what is apparent to any ordinary judgment, and there are some causes of insanity, by no means of minor force, upon which he does not touch. One of the most curious facts which he quotes is one recorded by the superintendent of the Glamorgan County Asylum, that, during a strike of nine months, the male admissions fell to half their former number. The commentary made upon this by the superintendent is that "the increase is doubtless mainly due to the fact that there was no money to spend in drink and debauchery." This seems to us to be a very hasty and superficial conclusion, although Dr. Tuke lets it pass unquestioned. It is also on record that while the male admissions were diminished, the female admissions were almost unaffected. Now, if drink and debauchery were the main causes of insanity in this district, the women had just as little money to spend upon these irritants during strike-time as the men. It is strange that it should not have occurred to the superintendent that there was another condition of insanity unaffected by the strike as regarded the women, but entirely removed in the case of the men, namely, their daily labour; and it is strange, also, that Dr. Tuke should not have connected this with another piece of statistics which he gives, namely, that "such coal and iron-mining counties as Durham and Glamorgan produce, in twice the proportion of a non-manufacturing town, the most marked and the most fatal of all the brain diseases caused by excesses." There can be little doubt that excessive drinking is a great cause of insanity, probably the largest concomitant cause, but it can do no good to treat it as the sole cause, and ignore the fact that the mischief done by the stimulant, or at least a large part of the mischief, comes from its being applied to a nervous system exhausted and disordered whether from constitutional incontinence or from over-work or over-worry. As regards the rich, Dr. Tuke insists that a luxurious idle life leads to insanity as well as domestic troubles and over-work. It is a mistake, he says, to speak of over-strain as if that were the one besetting evil of civilisation. Want of occupation is an evil hardly less dangerous. But here we would venture to say that Dr. Tuke does not go to the bottom of the matter. It is not the idleness, the mere absence of work, that kills. Want of aim is injurious only when it leads to futile dissipation of energy, only when it is a name for several diverging and conflicting aims. Whatever exhausts the nervous energy is a predisposing cause to insanity, leaving the system liable to be stimulated into morbid drains upon its strength. We should doubt whether any idle luxurious girl, with no occupation and no desire for either occupation or any excitement, ever found her way into a lunatic asylum. Dr. Tuke is no doubt right in saying that the remedy for an idle person who shows a tendency to insanity is "work, not rest; occupation, not idleness." But that is because the remedial occupation may prevent the expenditure of nervous energy in ways that are more unprofitable and exhausting.

The writer of "Hours in a Library" in the *Cornhill* hardly does justice to the strong and comprehensive side of Charlotte Brontë's genius. He writes too much as if he were possessed of the spirit of contradiction to Mr. Wemyss Reid, who contends, on the evidence of her letters and the recollections of a school-companion, that she was not the morbid, brooding, tearful sort of person that Mrs. Gaskell has painted, but changeful in mood, and bright and cheerful enough in the society of her friends, and as ready as anybody to despise sickly fancies. The *Cornhill* thinks that Mr. Reid goes beyond the evidence in attributing this robust side to Charlotte Brontë's mind, and seems to also refuse to believe that Haworth was an ordinary Yorkshire village peopled by ordinary Yorkshire people, and that Heathcliffe was altogether a creation of the imagination. When it comes to the discussion of the fitting application of such words as cheerful and morbid, agreement among critics is impossible; but we must say that in Charlotte Brontë's writing, whatever may have been her personal character, there seems to us to be in her way of treating things and persons a robustness of feeling, a sane reasonableness, which the *Cornhill* altogether ignores, if it does not deny. We should call her treatment of character the reverse of weak and hysterical.

The paper in the *Cornhill*, on "The Weaknesses of Great Men," is a pleasant piece of gossip, from what the writer admits to be the Shandean point of view. It would be a good subject for a volume, for it need hardly be said that the present article is not exhaustive, though its selection is good. Mr. E. W. Gosse's critical biography of Otway is full of fresh and penetrating criticism, and shows a minute acquaintance with the personalities of the last forty years of the seventeenth century, though here and there its inferences are a little rash, as when he attributes Dryden's abandonment of rhymed verse in tragedy to the appearance of Otway above the horizon. The inexorable dates do not square with this conjecture, not to say that it is out of keeping with the character of Dryden, whom the appearance of a rival was more likely to stimulate than to frighten out of the field. Mr. Gosse also makes a slip in crediting Otway with greater zeal for blank verse than Dryden showed in *All for Love*, because "he carefully studied the fountain head of dramatic blank verse in Shakespeare." *All for Love* was written after a prolonged study of Shakespeare, and bears abundant traces of the fact. Mr. Gosse differs from all previous commentators on Otway in arguing that the play *Heroick Friendship* was really his, though left unfinished and patched by another hand. Mr. Gosse's opinion on the authorship of the verse of the play is entitled to deference, and he also supplies some ingenious external evidence for accepting the pretensions of its first publishers, who ascribed it, thirty years after his death, to "the late Mr. Otway." In the beginning of his article, Mr. Gosse contends that there is sufficient difference between the groups of playwriters who flourished at the earlier and later portions of the period from 1600 to 1700, commonly known as the Restoration period, to require the division of this into two periods, and he suggests that the contemporaries of Congreve should be called the Orange dramatists, in distinction from the Restoration dramatists.

In *Blackwood's*, "the Tender Recollections of Irene Macgillicuddy" sustains the reputation of the magazine

for humour. The paper on De Quincey thoroughly appreciates the genius of the gentle opium-eater, if it has not much to say that is new. We wonder whether the conductors of *Blackwood's* have ever made any search for unrecognised productions of De Quincey in their magazine. He was a tolerably constant contributor for many years, and the papers reproduced in his collected works hardly correspond in bulk with what might have been expected. Even papers which would not be intrinsically worth republication would have great interest for De Quincey's students and admirers, if they knew where to find them in old numbers.

Fraser's contains an elaborate criticism of Dr. Schliemann's discoveries at Mycenæ, by Mr. William Simpson, who is by no means without experience in similar investigations, and has recently made an elaborate examination of the ancient capital of Agamemnon. Mr. Simpson makes merry over Dr. Schliemann's supposed tomb of Agamemnon, and adduces very good reasons for believing it to have been the *agora* or *forum* of the town, where the elders met in council, the circularly-arranged slabs being the stones on which they sat. This view has been adopted by Mr. Newton, and corroborated by Mr. F. A. Paley and Sir George Cox. There certainly is no warrant for Dr. Schliemann's first conjecture that the slabs were tombstones, placed there in memory of Agamemnon and his companions. Mr. Simpson accounts for the bodies found beneath this stone circle by supposing that, as such circles were considered sacred, and were places of justice as well as public assemblies, the ashes beneath may have been understood as adding a sanctity to the spot. The structures outside the walls, which Dr. Schliemann took to be treasure-houses, Mr. Simpson identifies as tombs, remarking that treasure-houses being places for secure deposit, they would naturally be within, and not without, the walls. Mr. Simpson traverses Dr. Schliemann's conclusions on several minor details.

The most interesting paper in *Temple Bar* is an account of "Perdita," mostly taken from her own autobiography, in the series of 'Old Actors.' Mr. W. H. Pollock's song, "Un Fâcheux," has a delicious lightness and gaiety. Mr. Pollock is one of the very few Englishmen who venture to compete with the French in their own language.

ART.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

[*Second Notice.*]

Of the earlier painters of the Italian school there are but few examples, and those of no great importance; it is only when we come to the immediate forerunners of the greatest epoch that we find anything particularly worthy of study. The latest idol of æsthetic criticism, Sandro Botticelli, to praise whose works is now as sure a test of the connoisseur as to praise those of Pietro Perugino was in the days of Goldsmith, is represented by an allegorical figure (846), which is thoroughly typical of his style. In it we can note the angular grace, the half-sweet, half-sad expression, and, above all, the strangeness of type, that have so endeared him to the cultured amongst our artists. We can also note the bad drawing, and especially the faulty proportion, that give an additional zest to the appreciation of his peculiar merits. We can see no trace of his hand in 847, the other example assigned to him.

Mantegna, whose patient study of ancient art led the way to that perfection of draughtsmanship which distinguished the great epoch, but to which he himself never attained, is worthily represented by numerous examples. Amongst these we will call attention to 745, 750, and 765, as well as to a magnificent book of drawings lent by Miss Hannah Rothschild, and exhibited in the big room. In all these we see great skill in composition, set off by severe manliness of design; but the proportions are seldom quite correct, and the drawing and modelling are so hard as to destroy any appearance of life. This defect is well brought out by a comparison with Luca Signorelli's very vigorous and life-like group of "Hercules and Antæus" (848), next to which is a fine study by Donatello (849).

By Pinturicchio we have six figures of Doctors (827), probably a study for the very fresco at Siena for which we have in 826 an elaborate drawing by Raffaelle. It is the latter design that Pinturicchio has followed in his painting, a fact which seems to settle the moot point as to the share that Raffaelle had in it.

Of Perugino we have several examples, but none of quite the first excellence, except perhaps a study of a head (591), in which the rendering of character is very remarkable; 588 is also noteworthy. After calling attention to a beautiful silver-point by Fra Angelico (845), we will pass on to the later masters. Correggio is represented by numerous drawings, the best of which is certainly 570. Here his wonderful grace of composition and beauty of expression are not marred by that over-sweetness to which he was so prone; 565, a beautiful little coloured sketch, ascribed to him in the catalogue, should probably be given to Pierino del Vaga, by whom we have in 559 a study very much in the same style. With Correggio's "Virgin" may be profitably compared a very beautiful "Holy Family," by Andrea del Sarto (556). We must not leave the Italian school without noticing three marvellous arabesques by Giovanni da Udine (573, 574, and 575); the two latter especially are remarkable for the exquisite delicacy of their execution.

And now we will turn to Holbein and Durer, the chief representatives of that great German school, that in so many respects successfully rivalled the greatest achievements of the Italians, but in others fell so immeasurably short of them. In the rendering of characters these two are unsurpassed—not even Leonardo could draw a head with more force and delicacy than Holbein. Durer is as precise as Mantegna, and as lifelike as Titian; but the whole school had one great want—they were lacking in the sense of human beauty. The grace of line and of movement that distinguished Raffaelle, the divinity of the human form expressed by Michel-Angelo, the serene virgin innocence beloved by Perugino, the exquisite sweetness of a woman's mouth revealed to us by Leonardo—all these are a sealed book to them. We will not stop to enquire how far the physical difference of the two races may have brought about this disparity; we will merely seek to enjoy the eminent qualities that the Germans possess without demanding from them a sense of beauty which perhaps their surroundings rendered impossible to them.

Of Durer's drawings there is a most admirable and complete collection. Here we can study the various aspects of his exuberant genius; 869 is a fine example of his manly portraiture; 860, which is certainly his, although assigned to Cranach, is, if anything, still finer. Near these is an allegorical design (866) in which may be remarked the delicacy of his landscape drawing, while 863 is a very characteristic specimen of his best pen-and-ink work. A little further on, we have (856) a beautiful little coloured drawing of a lizard, which is certainly superior to another coloured study just opposite—a very elaborate water-colour of two squirrels, which is scarcely worthy of the master, although some of the details are admirable; but perhaps his most interesting work in this line is a tiny landscape (709), in which breathes the spirit of modern realism, the imitation of Nature being most faithful although executed on the minutest scale. 713 is another landscape study in a much bolder manner. Near these is a very rough charcoal sketch (718), showing well how firm and uncompromising was even his hastiest work. Further on we come to two children's heads (781 and 785), most refined and delicate in execution; whilst 786 is an old man's head, wonderful in rendering of character in spite of its slightness. 794, an angel playing the guitar, is perhaps the finest specimen of his draughtsmanship here; the hands are admirable,

and the attentive expression of the head is nature itself; but what a conception of an angel! Durer appeared to imagine that putting wings on to any old man's figure was sufficient to make an angel of him at once. 836 is interesting as perhaps giving a representation of a mediæval public bath, the nearest approach to which in the present day may perhaps be found at Leukerbad; 839 gives us his religious feeling at its best—the head of the child is particularly fine.

We will turn to the works of the great master of portraiture who was so entirely a draughtsman that his drawings give perhaps a better idea of his power than do his paintings. Most of Holbein's drawings here exhibited look little more than outlines, yet the rendering of form and modelling is almost perfect. On closer inspection, one sees that none of his lines are simply lines and nothing else; they are all rounded off by most delicate shading, and infinitely varied throughout all their length. We say advisedly *his* lines, for many of the drawings are surrounded by a hard outline, much darker than the rest, and which we have no hesitation in describing as a later addition. It has been held that these lines are really Holbein's work, and that they merely appear too strong on account of the rest of the drawing having faded. Setting aside the difficulty of imagining that one part of the drawing should fade so much more than another, we rely on the essential difference of execution to bear out our assertion. What Holbein's real method of treating outlines was may be seen from 943. From these fine portraits we may single out 943, 945, and 947, as being especially worthy of study; 941 is interesting from the modelling being actually given in the shading, and not merely suggested as in most of the others. There are three little heads (1053), most carefully finished in colours, forming perfect examples of miniature painting. Indeed, they were once in the collection of a miniaturist, who, we trust, studied them to advantage.

Our space only permits us to glance at the Flemish and Dutch school, beginning with a very delicate silver-point of John Van Eyck (930), and going on to the wonderful studies of Rembrandt, collected together in the water-colour gallery. The Spanish school is represented by drawings of Murillo, Zarburan, and Velasquez, amongst which we will call attention to a study by the last-named artist (1149). Of the French school, there are fine examples of Watteau, which show what the force of real genius can do towards redeeming a debased style of art, and some very effective landscape studies by Claude. We must reserve our notice of the English water-colours for another article.

MUSIC.

CONCERTS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

The last two Saturdays have witnessed musical events of some importance at Sydenham. On December 1 a new symphony, by Mr. Ebenezer Prout, was produced for the first time. The work is in the key of G Minor, and, like its predecessor, bears witness to the composer's industry and perseverance. It shows, as the programme justly remarks, "what may be done by determination and devotion in the teeth of an amount of engagements which would be enough of themselves to exhaust the energy of most people;" words which convey but too accurate an idea of at least one of the causes why England as yet lacks a school of composers at all comparable to those of more than one continental nation. In Germany, where there are many musical centres, and where each town of any importance has at least one well-paid and not overburdensome appointment to offer, musical talent stands a fair chance of development. In London it is but too frequently crushed by professional duties of the most irksome and mechanical order. Bearing these considerations in mind, one cannot but admire Mr. Prout's courage. Of the four movements of the symphony, the first is perhaps the least well constructed. Speaking of the recent work of an Italian composer, we indicated the character of its style by the parallel term of "fluency." This fluency Mr. Prout's first movement seems to lack. Perfect harmonic closes are so many breaks in the continuity of the work, after which a new start has to be accomplished. Some good counter-point occurs in the working out of the themes. The second movement (larghetto) consists of a simple melody in E Flat, relieved by a second theme in C Minor, in which the wood winds are used with good effect. The scherzo is the most immediately pleasing piece amongst the number, the first trio (there are two), in A Flat, being especially of a lively character. The finale is more elaborate than any of the preceding movements, and here some interesting fugal writing occurs. The structure of the work bears testimony to Mr. Prout's unshaken, and no doubt very prudent, determination not to deviate in any way from the established form of the symphony. The so-called classical models have been strictly adhered to, and it would be difficult to point out in the present work a single feature for which a weighty and indisputable precedent could not be cited. The great simplicity of orchestration, and the sparing use that is made of the brass, are further remarkable features in a modern composition. At the same concert took place the first appearance of a young German pianist, Mlle. Lilly Oswald, who gave a correct rendering of Chopin's Concerto, in E Minor, without, however, evincing any of those qualities of touch and sentiment which the works of the Polish composer demand. Miss Lisa Walton, a pupil of Signor Gustave Garcia, was another *débutante* at these concerts. Her voice is fresh and of sympathetic quality, but some remains of throatiness ought to be combated without delay.

Last Saturday's concert presented a marked contrast to the one above referred to. The modern German school was in the ascendant, owing, perhaps, to the return, for the season, of Professor Wilhelmj. A numerous audience had assembled to welcome the eminent violinist, and his appearance on the platform was greeted by a cordial round of applause. Herr Wilhelmj played a violin concerto by Raff, a work composed some years since, but never yet heard in this country, in consequence, most likely, of the more than ordinary difficulties it presents to the executant. These Herr Wilhelmj overcame without any apparent difficulty. His *technique* is as unfailing and his tone as brilliant as ever. Of Herr Raff's works frequent mention has been made in these columns. He is not a composer of genius, but one of very great ability, and the latter is displayed in the present work to more than ordinary advantage. Only in the first movement of the concerto do we notice traces of the diffuseness which mars the effect of so many of Herr Raff's and other modern German writers' compositions. The slow movement which joins on to the first without interval contains charmingly melodious passages, and is, moreover, marked by a sustained devotional character which suggests some religious ceremony as its more immediate origin. The harmonic development of the movement is also very interesting. The finale, on the contrary, is brilliant, and for that reason less deep, although not less pleasing than its predecessor. In addition to this difficult and elaborate work Herr Wilhelmj played a "*pièce de concert* for violin and orchestra" of his own composition. Unfortunately the orchestral parts had not arrived from Germany, and the band in consequence had to be supplied by the pianoforte, much to the detriment of the general effect. Under such circumstances we can only say that the solo part appears to be well written for the instrument, and was admirably rendered by the composer. Of Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody for Orchestra (No. 4), which concluded the concert, we have not sufficient space to speak in detail. The general character of these works is, moreover, well known. Suffice it to say, that the broad and pathetic melody which opens the present work is scored in the most masterly way, and that the ensuing livelier rhythms leave at least no doubt as to their genuine popular origin. While listening to these characteristic themes one can quite understand the

enthusiasm with which the Rhapsodies are received by Pesth audiences. In our more reflective clime, however, the question suggests itself whether artistic dignity has not occasionally been sacrificed to national enthusiasm. Mme. Matilda Savertal, the lady vocalist of the concert (her first appearance), possesses a fine soprano voice, which she forces a little too much in the upper notes. Her interpretation betrays intelligence, and decided dramatic instinct. But in that respect, also, some of her effects are too violent, and, to say the least, more fitted for the stage than for the concert-room. She gave "Romance" ("Il doit venir") from Halévy's "Juive," and Schubert's song, "Die junge Nonne," the orchestral accompaniment to the latter having been effectively arranged by Liszt.

DRAMA.

GAIETY THEATRE.—"THE GRASSHOPPER."

It is the fashion of the day among playwrights to thrust themselves forward as the authors of plays of which they are often nothing more than the clumsy purloiners. Mr. Hollingshead is to be highly applauded for the frank manner in which he has placed his version of *La Cigale* upon the Gaiety stage. Had so talented an author chosen, like certain of his fellow dramatists, to pass off the piece as his own, no one could have done so more adroitly, and to those who had never seen or read the charming comedy of MM. Meilhac and Halévy it would have come as fresh as if straight from the author's pen. But Mr. Hollingshead, who knows the British public by heart, is aware how nauseated is the more cultivated section of audiences by the thousand-and-one attempts made to take it in; and so sick to death are we of deformed adaptations of plays we have seen at the Variétés, Vaudeville, and Palais Royal, that theatre-going threatens fast to become more a punishment than a pleasure. There are very few among our adaptors who can successfully hide the French identity, or retain the charm of a French play; it is no easy operation to engraft the qualities of John Bull upon the body and soul of Jacques Bonhomme. Such a process is indispensable in true translation. Mr. Hollingshead has achieved the task; and in presenting his achievement to the public, candidly calls a translation that which is as English as the French original is French.

Mr. Hollingshead has, however, made one mistake in supposing that a mixed British audience, composed chiefly of pit and gallery, is as keenly alive to the æsthetic art-movements of Mr. Whistler and his party as is the Paris public acquainted with the personality and the productions of the Impressionists. It must be borne in mind that the audience of a first night is more likely to be interested in Mr. Pellegrini's admirable portrait of the master of black and white than it is possible for the general public to be, and it will probably be found that, as the piece gains in consecutive nights, the appreciation of this point in the play will rather diminish than increase. In dwelling on the thoroughly English flavour of the piece, we must add that the acting, with Miss Farren and Mr. Terry as leaders, is so good that it succeeds in transfusing the intention of the Parisian comedists into this excellent adaptation.

Little Dr. Faust still continues to keep the house in continual laughter. There is, however, one change in the programme. Miss Eveleen Rayne plays very pleasingly the part of Marguerite, which was originally so gracefully performed by Miss Vaughan.

FOLLY THEATRE.—"SHOOTING STARS."

The Folly Theatre is steadily maintaining its claim to be classed as the Bouffes Parisiens of London. *Shooting Stars*, which is the latest adaptation of our old, familiar friend, *L'Œil Crevé*, shows that French *opéra bouffe* can be adapted to the English stage so as to lose nothing of its original gaiety, without at the same time offending any of our insular prejudices. Miss Violet Cameron, who is the brightest of the stars, acted with a spontaneous vivacity and *abandon* that recalls the days when Miss Lydia Thompson first appeared in London; her acting is at the same time so thoroughly artistic, and so delightfully natural, as to suggest the reflection that she is capable of higher things than the *opéra bouffe*, which her sweet voice and graceful movements render so pleasing. Miss Munro played Hervé's heroine in a very attractive manner, and all the company did their best to make *Shooting Stars* one of the pleasantest pieces the Folly has yet produced.

VARIORUM NOTES.

Mr. John Welsh got a cordial reception on his arrival at Liverpool, on Wednesday. Mr. Welsh is a man who enjoys a high reputation, although his name up to the present time has been little known on this side of the Atlantic. He has never been a politician, either in the English or American sense of the word, but was chiefly distinguished in the United States for his merits as a private citizen, and for his financial abilities. As chairman of the finance board of the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, the city in which he lived, he displayed remarkable energy, perseverance, and ability, and recommended himself to all the strangers who visited the Exhibition, in any official capacity, by his courtesy and his genial ways. President Hayes, in choosing for his representative a man who has hitherto been distinguished, not for noisy political partisanship and eager office-seeking, but for private philanthropy and business capacity, has distinctly shown that he intends to redeem the American Civil Service from some of the defects that have long clung to it. Mr. Welsh enters upon his office under favourable auspices, and will probably soon be as popular in London as he was in Philadelphia.

The first representation of a play of Shakespeare's in Berlin is to be commemorated on Monday next, by a grand gala representation. On Dec. 17, 1777, *Hamlet* was played for the first time in the Berlin Theatre by Brockmann, when Döbbelin was manager, and with such success that it was repeated for seven days running, and a silver medal, bearing Brockmann's portrait, after a design by Abramson, struck to commemorate the occasion. Brockmann had already played the part thirty times in Hamburg, before the most enthusiastic audiences, and by his conception of Hamlet succeeded in impressing upon them the beauties of the character, in spite of the wretched version by Wieland, adapted for the stage by Schröder. *Hamlet* had already been acted often enough in Germany, generally after the version in Eckhof's possession, a manuscript bearing the date, Oct. 17, 1710, and supposed to have been based on the representation of *Hamlet* by the "English Comedians," the strolling players who travelled through Germany in the beginning of the seventeenth century. Eckhof's version was first published in the *Gothaischer Theaterkalender*. The *dramatis personæ* commenced with the "Ghost of the Old King of Denmark," then followed "Erico, brother of the king;" "Hamlet" and his mother "Siegrin." Of the rest, only the names of Horatio and Ophelia remain. Polonius is called Corambus, which proves that the version was based on the English quarto edition of 1603, in which Polonius also figures as Corambis. In this old version occurs the scene in the fourth act, in which Hamlet rids himself of his two guards, here represented as banditti. When they tell him he must die, Hamlet begs to be allowed to say his prayers, and bids them stand one on either side of him and fire when he gives the signal. The moment he does so, he falls to the ground, and the two banditti shoot each other. The version played by Brockmann was certainly better than this; and there is a glowing panegyric, both on play and actor, in the first number of the *Litteratur- und Theater-Zeitung*, January 3, 1778.

Edmund About has administered a severe rebuke to the Duc de Broglie, which the Duke will not forgive nor forget. The *XIX. Siècle* had stated that the Duke had observed that a civil war was the only means by which the Radicals could

be got rid of. De Broglie sent in reply the following letter to About:—"Mr. Editor,—The words you attribute to me were never uttered by me. Kindly make this denial known to your readers. I have the honour, etc., Broglie." To this impertinence, which lies in the "etc.," About replied:—"Mr. Etc.,—I am glad you retract a statement that has wounded all honest members of the Sénate. I wish I could as easily obtain satisfaction for one-thousandth part of the injuries you and your detestable policy have done to France. I have the honour to express the etc. due to you, and remain, yours, etc., About."

Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt was the only lady present at the dinner at which Victor Hugo last Sunday entertained some 150 journalists and artists, in commemoration of the reproduction of *Hernani*. She was the only person whom he mentioned by name in drinking to the health of his guests, and he paid her a very high compliment, which would lose some of its grace in translation. "Vous venez," he said, "de vous montrer non-seulement la rivale mais l'égale des trois grandes actrices—Mlle. Mars, Mme. Dorval, Mme. Favart—qui vous ont précédée dans ce rôle de doña Sol. Je vais plus loin; j'ai le droit de le dire, moi qui ai vu, hélas! la représentation de 1830: vous avez dépassé et éclipsé Mlle. Mars. Ceci est de la gloire; vous vous êtes vous-même couronnée reine, reine deux fois, reine par la beauté, reine par le talent." Victor Hugo then bent forward and kissed the hand of Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt, saying, "Je vous remercie, madame.'" No wonder that this was followed by "vifs applaudissements."

M. Rajon's etching of Mr. Ouless's portrait of Darwin, which he has brought with him from Paris, is a superb specimen of his skill. It is even finer than his famous etching of Mr. Watts's portrait of J. Stuart Mill.

The family of the late Walter Bagehot, the editor of the *Economist*, are erecting a stained glass window to his memory in Langport Church, Somersetshire. The window is designed by Mr. Kennedy, a rapidly rising young artist, and is divided into four compartments, containing figures of Abraham, Job, Moses, and Solomon. The execution of the work, which is to occupy a west window, is in the highest degree praiseworthy, the combination of colour-effects being admirably managed.

An amusing story is told of a dignitary of the Catholic Church. He was stopping at a country house, when the host, anxious to pay every attention to his guest, had instructed his servants to be very particular in addressing the dignitary as "my lord," such being the title he enjoys, by the sanction, not of English law, but of English courtesy. As carefully as Mr. Hardcastle, he impressed this point upon them, but the result was scarcely happy. As soon as the dignitary arrived, and was shown to his room, some little unexpected attention struck his eye, and turning to that one of the carefully-tutored domestics who was with him, he enquired who had done it. "It was the Lord, my boy," was the prompt and well-meaning but mistaken reply, which left his lordship aghast at the combination of irreverence and familiarity.

The *Allgemeine Zeitung* points out with great satisfaction that if proof of Her Majesty's Anti-Russian feelings is required it is amply furnished by the appearance of Mr. Martin's book. The same authority repeats its former statement that Her Majesty is fully supported in her views by the Prince of Wales. Drawing attention to the fact that Mr. Forbes's letter to the *Times* did not appear in the *Daily News*, the *Allgemeine* considers that Mr. Forbes has quite wiped out St. James's Hall, and annihilated Gladstone, Freeman, and MacColl.

A lady archæologist recently read in a London newspaper that certain interesting Roman relics lately exhumed in the North of England had been taken to Somerset House. Thither she accordingly went, but her inquiries elicited no more satisfactory information than a general statement that no one had ever heard of the curiosities in question. At last, in despair, she addressed one of the subordinate officials. "Roman relics, ma'am? No Roman relics at Somerset House. You had better apply at Scotland Yard. They take all things of that sort there." We are glad to record that the missing relics were eventually run to earth at Burlington House.

The question how Presbyterianism, released from State control, would get on financially, which is rather important, considering the present "situation" in Scotland, is partly answered by some statistics which have recently appeared regarding churches in London. From these it turns out that as many as four Presbyterian ministers have salaries of at least 1,000*l.* a-year. As much, it may be mentioned also, as 4,000*l.* was spent the other day upon the extension of a Presbyterian Church in Woolwich.

A London Turcophile journal on Tuesday announced that "with the exception of the all-important item of the fall of Plevna, we have no news whatever of interest from the seat of war." Still the one exceptional item was worth mentioning, and we are glad that they did not omit it altogether. It reminds one of a statement that appeared in an Irish newspaper about the finding of a man's body in a bog. "Except," said the writer, "that the head was cut off, the body bore no marks of violence."

The telephone was invented by a German. That is an inevitable conclusion *à priori*. The "original instrument" has been acquired by the Berlin Museum for the sum of 14*s.* It was an equally *à priori* conclusion that the telephone, being a German invention, should also receive a patriotically Teutonic baptism, and of course be introduced into the schools. Hence it has been officially re-christened *Fernsprecher*—Farspeaker—and the Berlin schools furnished with it by the municipal authorities. We may now be prepared to hear of the diabolically Machiavellian attempt on the part of Prince Bismarck to lay on a wire connecting all the training establishments with his own and Herr von Falk's residences, so as to be *au courant* of juvenile opinion throughout the Empire, and keep a close watch on such seditious societies as Hercynia and Franconia, which have been organised by the schoolboys at Münster and Hersfeld, and in consequence of which seventeen have been expelled.

The trial eights of Oxford, rowed at Moulsford on Dec. 7, were a success. The rowing was good, the race closely contested, and the men themselves, taken one by one, were a powerful lot upon the whole. Sometimes some of the old oars row at these trials—such was the case in 1874 and 1875. On this occasion all the sixteen oarsmen were new hands, that have never rowed in the University eight. The best performers among the winning eight were Messrs. Booth of Pembroke, Bayly of Christ Church, and Southwell of Pembroke. We include Booth more for his strength than for his style. There has been many a rougher oar in a University eight; at the same time, if he does not mend his faults, it will be difficult to get him to row in perfect time and swing with the rest of a crew, especially when he gets distressed. He is not so rough as he was at the commencement of term; and if he ever gets into shape, he will be of much use. Among the light weights, Ellison of University was the pick; he was stroke of the winning crew. Another good heavy weight was Rosse of St. John's; and among the rest we may mention Capel-Cure of Trinity, Daunt of Brasenose, and Burrows of Trinity, as fair performers. From these men the president should be able to fill up the vacancies in the crew with credit. Probably only three old ones will be left to row, namely, Messrs. T. Edwardes-Moss, Cowles, and Pelham. The former stroke, Marriott, seems disinclined to row again. If he thinks better of it, he will be a godsend to Oxford rowing.

The day after the Oxford trial eights, those of Cambridge were rowed at Ely, or rather from Littleport Bridge. They were good average crews. They were hardly so neat-looking as those of Oxford, but, for all that, they contained some half-a-dozen good men, which is more than are likely to be wanted to fill up the vacancies in the Light Blue eight. The "tail" of the crews at Ely was weaker than the "tail" at Moulsford, and it was owing to this fact that the Oxford crews showed to the better advantage. Between the picked men of each pair of crews—some six on each side—there could not be much difference, except that those of Oxford might be just a shade

the stronger. The best performers at Ely were—Messrs. Prest of Jesus, and Bird of Trinity (the two strokes), Barker of Trinity, Pilkington of Queen's, Holmes of Clare, and Nettlefold of Caius. Of these six, Prest, when trained, scales under 11 st., and Holmes but little over 11 st. The other four are fairly heavy weights, ranging about 12 st. apiece when trained. There will be four old hands, in all probability, left for service next term. These are Messrs. Gurdon and Hockin of Jesus, and Frere of Trinity. The two former are much above the average of University oars. There is Hoskyns of Jesus in residence, but it is said he will not row again; on the other hand, Pike of Caius, though not in residence this autumn, will probably come up and row again. If so, Cambridge will start with a good nucleus of veterans, and more promising recruits.

Mr. Leonard Courtney has consented to introduce the Women's Suffrage Bill in the ensuing Session of Parliament, Mr. Jacob Bright having been compelled to relinquish the leadership of the question in consequence of the state of his health.

A report is current that Dr. Wallace, the conductor of the *Scotsman*, is, along with Sir Alexander Grant the Principal of Edinburgh University, Principal Caird of Glasgow, and the Hon. George Brodrick, preparing an exhaustive volume on the present and future of Scotch education and educational endowments.

Thomas Edward, the humble but famous Banff naturalist, is now engaged on a work supplementary to Mr. Smiles's biography. It is to consist of additional facts in his personal life, and of zoological observations that have not yet been published.

Arrangements have been made in this country, we learn, for the translation of a private but essentially military biography of Marshal von Moltke. Report says Mr. Percy Fitzgerald is to be the translator.

Mr. W. H. Pollock lectured last week at Edinburgh under the auspices of the Philosophical Institution, on Victor Hugo and Béranger.

Octogenarians seem abundant in Germany. Last week, Reichard celebrated his eightieth birthday, and now Karl von Höltei is about to celebrate his on January 24, 1878. He is the oldest dramatist in Germany, and the author of forty-seven pieces of all species of drama, many of them still popular. A subscription is to be opened for him, as he is in very straitened circumstances. A committee for the purpose has been formed in Breslau.

The last number of *L'Art* contains an etching by Gilli of Henri Regnault's famous "Execution in a Moorish Palace," which raised so much discussion on its exhibition here a few years ago, dividing the generality of people into two parties—those who regarded the picture as one of the highest expressions of modern art, and those who looked upon it as merely horrible. As a general rule no one thought of looking for the truth somewhere between these two extremes. The picture is now in the Luxembourg.

Mr. Hamilton P. MacCarthy has just completed an admirable life-sized group of "Robert Burns and Highland Mary," in which he has succeeded exceedingly well in obviating the ungracefulness of modern costume. The expression of the faces is conveyed with great artistic feeling, and the whole group conveys admirably the sentiment the artist intends to convey—that of passionate love on the one side, and modest, almost pathetic, gentleness on the other.

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